THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXVI.—No.1642
JUNE 5, 1935
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SUMMER Number

1/=

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.
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GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68, Kurfurstendamm. Each room priv. bath, wireless, telephone. From RM.8.

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Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 4. Pen. fr. RM. 10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, fac. Kurpark, a home fr. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

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Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel, zum Hirsch.—150 rooms. All Comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension M. 9 up.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pens. terms: M. 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Nr. Ther. bths. Evry. com. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im sussen Löchel" f. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best pos. near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM. 3.50.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Htl. Prince of Wales.—Fam. htl. pref. by Englishmen. All mod. comf. Mod. prices, excel. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Strictly First-class, old-fashioned. Facing park. 20 yards from the baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim. Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden fac'g baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pens. fr. RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bühlerhöhe Blk. Forest.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.), nr. Baden-Baden. Kurhaus & San. All cure fac. diets, rest cures. All sports. Pen. fr. M.11.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden—Hotel Bellevue—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk.Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Lead. htl., r. fr. 5 RM. r., w. bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-a.-M.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 500 beds from RM. 4.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading Hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Hotel Neu-Werdenfels.**—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.**—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Heidelberg.—Reichspost Hotel.—Highly recom. by Germ. and For. Guide Books. Opp. Cent. Sta. Wine & Beer Rest. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—Two min. fr. Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Pk. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from 4 RM.

Leipzig—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Htl., Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Htl. Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive from Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st class, nr. theatres & museums. 150 rms., 50 bths. New underground garage.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family-house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin. Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.—First-class, homelike. Full Pension from RM. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronized by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Gr'd Htl. Kaiserhof.—300 beds. First class, in quietest pos. in own large park. Thermal water, Swim.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

(*Continued on page* A).

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The BYSTANDER

YVONNE PRINTEMPS AND PIERRE FRESNAY IN "LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS"

In a week that is unusually rich in potential film interest, the première of "La Dame aux Camélias," at the Academy to-morrow night, is perhaps the most exciting event. And why? Because Dumas' story has become a classic among love-stories; because Marguerite Gautier's part has been played by nearly every great stage actress, and any new attempt at it can hardly fail to be interesting; because Yvonne Printemps is the new Marguerite; because Pierre Fresnay, her husband, plays Armand Duval; and finally, because this is a French version of a French romance, and the first film made of it since Norah Talmadge appeared as Marguerite on the silent screen. Director and producer are Fernand Rivers and Abel Gance

MIDNIGHT Or Thereabouts

These People Spent Their Evenings Thus and Thus

Swaebe

At the Air League Jubilee Ball

The Duke of Sutherland, whose wife was chairman of the Ball, Mrs. de Lande Long, and her daughter, Pamela de Lande Long, were at the Air League Ball in aid of the Young Pilots' Fund

Page Greaves

The Paget Twins Go Charity Dancing

Mr. Farquhar Johnson had the Paget sisters, Celia Mary and Mamaime, to sit out with at the Links of Empire Ball. They are the most attractive 1935 twins, and make a charming double decoration at all the parties they go to

Swaebe

Film World Juniors

Above: Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, the only young socialite who is taken seriously as a film actress, was at the Café de Paris for supper with C. M. Woolf, Junior, son of the Gaumont-British magnate

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Leo Partridge and Mr. Arthur Sainsbury have also spent an evening at the Café de Paris lately. Mr. Sainsbury is Mrs. Partridge's father; she was Lady Inverclyde and Mrs. Pearce before she married Leo Partridge, which she did last year

Lord Decies

As a change from all the young- supper, here is Lord Decies, who was in

Page Greaves

The Ranee of Pudakota and Her Son

Left: the Ranee of Pudakota and her son went to see the first of Argentina's five dance recitals at the Savoy

Lady Plunket and Mr. Walter Crisham

Lady Alexander at a Charity Ball

Lady Alexander, who always looks marvellous in her evening regalia of brocade and jewels, and organises the programme-sellers at more charity events than anyone can keep count of, was at the Links of Empire Ball, and watched the cabaret with Capt. Oliver Fraser

Swaebe

Dines at the Ritz

marrieds who have become Ritz regulars for a party there last week with Miss Vera Coombe

Above: the Plunket-Crisham dancing combination is a most popular number in charity ball cabarets. Last week they appeared at the Silver Ball, which was in aid of the new Surbiton Hospital, when this rehearsing photograph was taken

Left: Mr. Cochran and his new leading lady, Mlle. Jeanne Aubert, had a party for two at the Café de Paris. She is the star of "Anything Goes," the new Cole Porter show, with Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard

The Lady Tennyson

A Portrait by Molly Bishop

Lord and Lady Tennyson arrived back in England last week from Canada; on the left, there they are, just before they stepped ashore from the Empress of Britain. The second Lady Tennyson is a Chicagoan, daughter of Howard Elting, and was the widow of Joseph William Donner, of Buffalo, before she married Lord Tennyson last year. They both spend a good deal of time at Farringford, his place in the Isle of Wight, which is still almost as perfectly Victorian as his grandfather, the Poet Laureate, left it

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 105

Gordon Richards

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

GORDON RICHARDS is known to his brother "jocks" as "Moppy," because of his shock of black hair. He is a Shropshire lad, having been born under the Wrekin. Nevertheless, he is always following the fortunes of the Wolverhampton Wanderers, and he would sooner see them win the Football Cup than ride the winner of the Derby, even if it occurred on the same day, which it never will. Genius never really inspires envy. Which is why Gordon Richards, in spite of his many firsts, is still popular with his fellow-riders. He has a rolling gait, rather like a sailor, and a pair of shoulders that a heavyweight would envy even if he was on the floor. His two greatest friends among the jockeys are Johnnie Dines, the handicap specialist, and Archie Burns. Tom Reece is also a great friend of his. He is the quickest starter from the gate since "Steve" Donoghue at his best, and though he rides with a loose rein his horses do not swerve. Other jockeys say that if they try this their animals run all over the place.

GORDON RICHARDS does not like flying much, though on occasion he has to do so. I suppose his favourite course is Chepstow, where he created the record of riding eleven winners in two days. People who say that he is better in small meetings forget that he has ridden four winners in a day at Newmarket and also at Newbury.

He rides at seven stone ten pounds—a weight which he can make easily. He is married, and has two children. He rides chiefly for Fred Darling, Norah Wilmot, and Martin Hartigan. His deportment is always correct, but he is a bad speaker at his always-annual-champion-jockey dinner. Still, he is so natural and unaffected that he nearly is a good speaker. As a small boy he watched "Steve" Donoghue in the Gallops, and, I fancy, must have modelled his style considerably on him.

Though experts regard him as a better rider of short races than of long races, it is nevertheless extraordinary that the Derby has always eluded him. Perhaps this time he will bring it off with Hairan. If he does, his success, as I say, will not be envied by the other jockeys, which is perhaps the best tribute that one could pay to a nice little fellow.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Whitewash for Cocottes—

"The Mask of Virtue" (Ambassadors)
"Roulette" (Duke of York's)

Sketches by Rouson

Mme. de Pommeraye (Jeanne de Casalis), the rejected mistress who exists only for a short-lived revenge

Marquis d'Arcy (Frank Cellier), a middle-aged roué who hasn't yet reached the age of discretion

Two wolves in sheep's clothing: Madame Duquesnoy (Lady Tree), a procuress, and her daughter, Henriette (Vivien Leigh), a cocotte with a better side to her nature

"The Mask of Virtue" (Ambassadors)

PUT crudely, the ugly story of *The Mask of Virtue* is that the middle-aged French Marquis d'Arcy, who is always chasing some woman or other, after five years tires of his mistress, Mme. de Pommeraye. This so annoys the dear lady that she hatches a plot, and throws across his path a beautiful girl, Henriette Duquesnoy, apparently poor but virtuous, but who, in reality, is a street-walker, assisted in the business by her horrible old mother acting as pimp to her own child, but who, for the nonce, also apes respectability at Mme. de Pommeraye's instructions.

The plan succeeds; the Marquis is infatuated, only to learn that by marriage and money, and not by money alone, can he satisfy his desires, and it is after the ceremony has been performed and the marriage consummated that he learns from Mme. de Pommeraye how he has been trapped.

THAT precious plot is the work of a German dramatist, Carl Sternheim, and in its crude state it is not one which would be likely to have universal appeal, for there are still many playgoers who object to the sordid.

Manager Sydney Carroll, however, in his fight for the play's popularity, has scored a big success by, if I may so phrase it, "putting up his Dukes," for the author of the English version, Ashley of that ilk, has overlaid the sordid story with dialogue which glitters so brightly that the majority of the audience must be blinded to its unpleasantness, just as iridiscence on a stagnant pool may conceal the dirt below.

Personally, I wish Mr. Ashley Dukes' polished periods and perfectly turned speeches had been used in telling a tale of his own, for I am sure he could have thought of a better one than Carl Sternheim's, and he would have seen to it that the ending was more in key with the first two acts, for the characters then attempt to display sincerity, and the artificiality of the whole previous business at once becomes all too apparent, especially since, in order to achieve a happy ending, the author has sacrificed psychology on the altar of sickly German sentiment.

IT may be that the Ambassadors Theatre is packed out at every performance because of the acting, which is as good as good can be. Naturally Jeanne de Casalis is perfectly at home in a French milieu, and she plays the part of the ex-mistress with all possible point and polish. As the Marquis, Frank Cellier gets into the skin of the part, and requires no snuff-box nor clouded cane to make him feel happy in his very fine feathers. Lady Tree, by her true comedy spirit, makes the prostitute's mother more amusing than objectionable, while her daughter is played by a newcomer, Vivien Leigh, who possesses a striking appearance, personality, and considerable acting powers. Doubtless we shall hear more of her in the future, and this can be taken in two ways, for, at the moment, her voice production is not always the acme of clarity.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights (Continued)

Ancient and Modern

"Roulette" (Duke of York's)

THE Hungarian dramatist, Laszlo Fodor, when he conceived the idea of showing how gambling may seize hold of a man, strained the possibilities, I think, when he made his gambler-hero in *Roulette* fly to Monte Carlo with the extremely attractive girl he had married that day, and then leave her to dine and go to bed by herself while he plays, with fluctuating fortune, at the Casino beneath their hotel.

I am sure that the dramatist missed a chance here, and that a far funnier farce and one more true to life would have been evolved if the wife had been the gambler and the husband the disconsolate one who dined and, so to speak, bedded himself out without companionship. But that's quite another play, and not *Roulette*, which Harry Graham has adapted for the English stage.

Yet, when this gambling theme was decided upon, a difficulty in construction at once confronted the dramatist. If the heroine is neglected by her husband, it is obvious she must be left alone. Who is to take his place?

OF course, there's the other fellow who, as in this play, eventually runs off with the bride; but he cannot appear too early, and to fill in the gaps Herr Fodor makes his heroine strike up a friendship with a cocotte who is an old flame of her husband's, and much of the dialogue is devoted to giving the audience the most intimate details of the way business is conducted in the oldest profession in the world.

Personally, despite the cleverness of Margaret Rawlings, who, for the second time running, plays a prostitute, I found these details rather boring, but that opinion was obviously not shared by the audience as a whole—especially the feminine element. Another character who bobs in and out to talk to the neglected bride is the Maître d'Hôtel, a polyglot part played by Austin Trevor, but I should think that a man with such freedom of manner and looseness of speech would be likely to ruin any hotel in a month. I was as surprised at his conduct as at seeing him, later on, in the sacred Casino itself, which I thought was barred to all but visitors and private residents in the Principality.

There is, by the bye, an effective scene showing gambling in progress at the Casino, which would have been still more life-like had there been less noise, for one of the features of the rooms which always surprises newcomers is the apparent lack of excitement when large sums are being won or lost, while the only sound which can be distinctly heard is that of the croupier's monotonous voice.

An amateur and a professional at Monte Carlo. The not-so-innocent virgin, Lisl (Hella Kurty), and the gold-digging Loulou (Margaret Rawlings) endeavour to capture a client, while the maître d'hôtel, Gaston (Austin Trevor), has eyes only for the sweet young thing

Left:
Such a nice young man! Mark Gresham (Robert Newton), a philanthropic philanderer

Right:
Nasty man! Peter Harford (Nigel Patrick), a newly-wed who leaves his wife after helping himself to her money

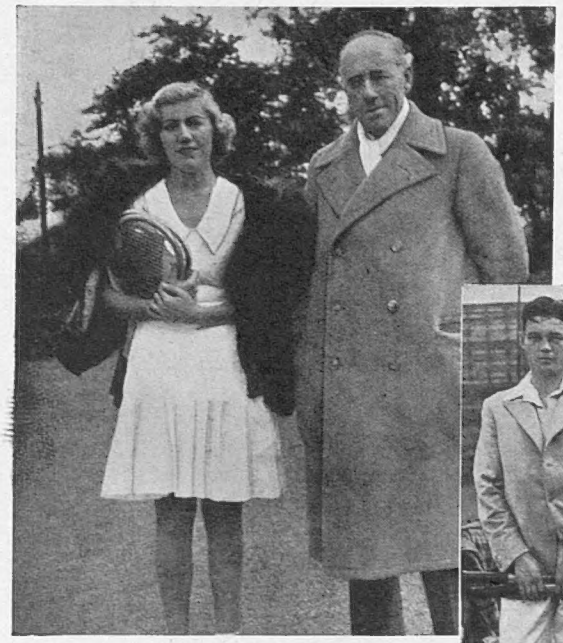
A NEWCOMER, Hella Kurty, plays the neglected bride. She is extremely good to look upon, and acts with intelligence and a foreign accent which does not detract from her charm. I sympathise with Nigel Patrick, who, as the gambling husband, has a shockingly bad part; while Robert Newton struck me as being mis-cast as the other fellow. If only for the sake of contrast, a more elderly actor is indicated.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

Lawn Tennis Letter

Paris Gossip and American News

By "Passer-By"



An Old Champion Returns

Norman E. Brookes, the famous Australian lawn tennis player, who is paying England a visit this year accompanied by his daughter, also seen in the photograph above. He was the winner of the All-Comers' Singles at Wimbledon in 1905, but was beaten by H. L. Doherty in the challenge round, afterwards becoming champion in 1907 and 1914. In these two years he was also Doubles champion when partnering the late Anthony Wilding

Finalists in the Open Mixed at Cirencester

Gem Hoaing

Who, though only fourteen, has just won her third restricted singles this year at Surbiton. A Chinese, she has been educated at Twickenham High School

Left: B. Sturgeon, C. E. Malfroy, Miss V. Brown and Miss R. Smith, who met in the final of the open mixed at Cirencester, a match won somewhat easily by Malfroy and Miss Brown

DEAR BYSTANDER,

A FRIEND of mine in Paris has been gossiping about the French Championships, and I pass on some of the items that are fit for publication. He tells me that the Stade Roland Garros, on the edge of the Bois, has æsthetic charms denied to Wimbledon, such as a sylvan background and floral borders to the courts, but these are discounted by the hard stone seats, the watery nature of the tea served to enervated spectators, and the lack of adequate shelter from sun or rain. He apparently prefers the dresses of many of the women who parade between the courts to the staff-work of the executive, which, he informs me, rarely stages the matches at the advertised times.

I gather that even the daring shortness of the shorts worn by some of the feminine competitors did not induce the crowd to desert a court where the young males of France were battling either in longs or shorts. The Parisian tennis fan has a conservative nature and likes to see novelties in a music-hall.

THIS reminds me that the American Lawn Tennis Association, uprooting tradition, are running their men's and women's singles championships at one and the same time and place this year. This innovation may be a delicate compliment to Wimbledon, and therefore not to be lightly criticised, but I doubt whether it will appeal to the hard-boiled tennis "bug" in New York or whether, psychologically, it will benefit either the play or the players.

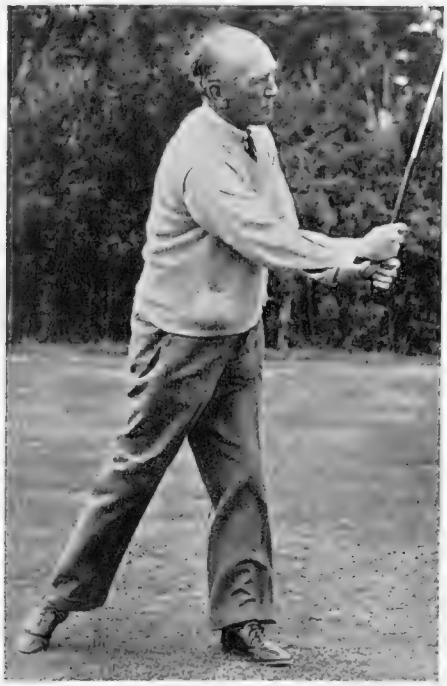
Americans do not sip at their tennis—they take deep draughts and like it hot and strong. I wonder what the plain-speaking crowd that treks out to Forest Hills will say if a stern duel on the centre court between two cannon-ball servers and thrusting volleyers is followed by its antithesis—a match between two baseline maidens who have no service speed and little variety of stroke? This may sound an ungallant comparison, but the contiguity of men's play with women is not calculated to please a gallery that comes out for hard blows and as many of them as two men in full cry can supply. Forest Hills has no permanent crowd, booked weeks in advance, like that at Wimbledon. The social side of the meeting, although very pleasant, is relatively small. Will the attempt to widen it take some of the "pep" out of the men's game and impair concentration which is essential for controlled speed?

THE American Davis Cup team are due to arrive in England next week. They are, I hear, to eschew the fleshpots of the West End this year and will make their headquarters in a quiet neighbourhood not far from Wimbledon. This time Wilmer Allison will be here as No. 1 player and not as a reserve brought over to wait in the wings. You remember what happened last year. The American captain, fearing that Lott and Stoefen might not "fit" in the doubles, sent a kind of S.O.S. to New York. Allison was despatched in answer to it. He arrived to find that Lott and Stoefen had won the doubles championship at Wimbledon, and that his services would not be required. He returned home by the same boat on which he had journeyed out, vowing that he would beat any member of the Davis Cup team that crossed his path. In the American Championship, Allison not only routed Stoefen and Wood, but carried Perry to 8—6 in the fifth set in the final. A fighter of the first water!

Sidney Wood will be here again—a genius, if somewhat erratic. He played, and lost, two five-set matches with Perry at Wimbledon; he beat Crawford in the Davis Cup. Highly strung, Wood has physical and mental reactions that make his play more brilliant than his record, but I am told that he has been training assiduously in the winter, and it may be that the rather lucky winner of Wimbledon in 1931 will show us his best side. Two young Californians, Gene Mako and Donald Budge, will be new to England. They beat Perry and Wilde three times in America last year, and in their own State they claimed Lott and Stoefen and Allison and Van Ryn as victims. Budge is the better singles player—a blend of McLoughlin and Vines. He has taken Perry into five sets and only lost at 7—5 in the fifth. Budge has most strokes, Mako more confidence. They will be a lively, arresting couple—a sample of that new blood that America is always producing.

HANDS off the dimensions of the court! The L.T.A. have invited their county associations to "try out" a court marked with a duplicated centre line, the width of the service court on each side thus being reduced eighteen inches. It is said that this sacrilege will reduce foot-faulting. The lines of the court have stood the test of time and experience for nearly sixty years; their simplicity and symmetry have been acknowledged by all countries and by all players, from champions to garden tyros. A duplicated centre line, with a sort of "No man's land" in between, is demanded neither by players nor umpires. I hope the idea will be "laughed out of court."

PASSER-BY.



Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke played for the Cavalry Club in the clubman's week-end competitions at Le Touquet. He is the Duke of York's Comptroller and Equerry

Capt. and Mrs. R. O. Critchley were at Le Touquet because they are honeymooning there. She was Kathleen Brockwell; he is a brother of Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley

Miss Helena Gervase and Mrs. R. N. Brinckman, whose husband is in the Grenadiers, played with the rest of the females of the party on the nine-hole course

E. W. Barron, of Boodle's, the organiser of the party, A. R. Cook, of the Cavalry Club, and P. S. Ackroyd and J. C. T. Mills, of the Guards' Club, waiting to start out on the old course

Clubs and Clubs

Boodle's, the Cavalry, the Guards' and White's at Le Touquet

Below: a Guards' Club foursome waiting on the usual "Le Touquet photograph" seat were Capt. G. C. Pim, Capt. R. N. Brinckman, Capt. J. B. Hennessy, and Capt. S. A. Forster

Lady Annaly and Mrs. Cutbill played round the nine-hole course. Lady Annaly's husband was in the 11th Hussars

Interlude by the Fountain

Prelude to "The Magic Flute": the Garden is

The Musical Intelligentsia Go Off To Sussex

At Glyndebourne for the First Night of the Mozart Festival

Left: Miss Edith Smythe and Lord David Cecil at dinner. This year's improvements at Glyndebourne include a second large dining-room

Below, left: Miss Mead, Lady Gage, and Professor Heindemann walking round during the interval. Lord and Lady Gage are "locals," and have no distance to come from Firle Place, near Lewes

Below: three of London's most confirmed musicals who went to the first night were Lady Chamberlain, Lady Snowden, and Princess Hohenlohe

Below: Mrs. Warneford Davis, Mrs. Sacher, and Mr. Augustus John drank the right sort of wine at dinner to go with Mozart

the Foyer

Interlude among the Irises and Tulips

THE second season of the "English Salzburg" opened last week with Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte," sung in German, with Herr Fritz Busch conducting, Herr Ebert producing, and Mr. Hamish Wilson as scenic artist and stage manager. It 's a great achievement, this Mozart Festival of Mr. John Christie's, and adds enormously to the summer pleasures of people who like music, not only because of the musical and artistic excellence of the operas, but because of the loveliness of Glyndebourne itself, its garden, and the Sussex country in which it is set

Below : Frau Hans Oppenheimer, Mr. and Mrs. John Christie and Herr Hans Oppenheimer, who will also be conducting during the season. The Christies had every right and reason to look pleased with their evening

Mme. Lili Pons was at Glyndebourne the night before her Command Performance appearance at Covent Garden ; she is with Mr. Harold Holt, London's leading musical impresario

Another dinner-interval photograph of Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill and Mrs. Ralph Wigram talking music

Work at Home

In the Garden

JUSTICE UNROBED

Our Judges at Home

No. 10

The Hon. Mr. Justice Branson

Next Week: Sir Christopher Farwell

RECENTLY in the public eye as the presiding Judge at the Brighton Trunk Murder (No. 2) trial; showed then that he is one who can preserve his balance and give a prisoner an impartial trial, however great a rascal the accused may confess himself to be. Sir George Branson is a sound man. He rowed a good oar in the Cambridge eight. He took a brilliant degree. Then he went into chambers with Rufus Isaacs; and that fine advocate, when he became Attorney-General, appointed Branson Junior Counsel to the Treasury, or, as it is called, "Attorney-General's devil." Once more the young man proved his soundness, and it is believed that no devil ever worked so hard as he. It was, therefore, only a single step to the judicial Bench; and once there his steady, sane qualities and his capacity for hard labour evinced themselves. Nobody could, or can, tackle a heavy, dull case, with masses of documents and complicated fact and law, with more ease than the old Blue. Judicial humour he has no use for; though he has been known to hint to a prolix counsel that there is no need to repeat an argument more than twice. Patient, courteous, kindly, and, above all, sound—his epitaph will be "Well rowed, Sir!"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

ONE of the comic interludes of the past week or so was the genuine (and hurt) surprise of a newspaper radio columnist who has been advocating the erection of loud-speakers to broadcast B.B.C. programmes in public parks and gardens, and invited opinions. The first body of opinion to jump heavily on his alluring scheme was the B.B.C., which will naturally have no monkeying with any of its monopolies. The second was the Performing Rights Society, which quite properly refuses to sanction wholesale public performances of its members' works—ninety per cent. of broadcast items—without the statutory fee, which is often measly enough, Heaven knows. The third, nearly fifty per cent. of those who wrote to the boy, were just a fraction of those ordinary members of the suffering public who are appalled by the prospect of yet more hellish racket being added to that universal maniac din which is driving most of us crazy already. (These reactionaries were duly scolded by the originator of the scheme for refusing to encourage, among other things, community singing and " dancing on the grass in the sunshine.")

If this débâcle amused us, it also invigorated us. There seems still to be quite a number of people about the world who, to the astonishment of their fellows, quite frankly *do not like noise*; who actually prefer, for instance, a summer evening " full of the linnet's wings " to the same evening enlivened and modernised by the bellowings of somebody's Chocolate Coons or the racket of a military band emitted by a loud-speaker attached to some venerable oak. We noticed this once ourselves in a little boating village on an Essex creek. Into the luminous peace of evening burst a van equipped with two loud-speakers advertising something noxious, a politician or a drug, we forget which, and belching jazz. It sprayed the sunset countryside with a barrage of frightful, unescapable noise. It was like a foretaste of Hell. Its novelty shocked the rural inhabitants at first pleasantly, but soon even their thick minds were goaded into mild revolt. One very old fisherman wanted to get his rook-rifle . . .

If it could only be *explained* to people that some people really *like* occasions of silence—see what we mean? Or don't you?

Grandpapa Ego

THE usual actors boomed, the customary actresses rolled eyes and declaimed verse, we observe, at the fiftieth anniversary celebrations at Victor Hugo's tomb in the Panthéon. All the panjandrums of the Republic were there, and at night, at the Comédie-Française, there was a gala performance of Hugo's drama *Les Burgraves*, a work of quite agonising size and boredom. We would never dare to deny that Grandpapa Hugo is one of the Very Great, but in his off moments—we artists get those—he reminds us of an enormous inflated rubber elephant slowly deflating, with rumbles and whistlings and boomings and squeaks of rebellion and rage and prophecy.

We love him for one thing. At literary gatherings in Victor Hugo's house the talk was invariably about Victor Hugo. When the talk happened momentarily, for some reason, not to be about Victor Hugo, Victor Hugo went tranquilly to sleep. We 've met clusters of the minor spawn of the Muses who are also interested in themselves exclusively, but as a last resort people can (and often do) gently push in their egg-like faces and go home. You 'd never feel like doing that to one of the real great, however much he might infuriate you with his ego. What? All right, you would. Try it on at the Café Royal some night.

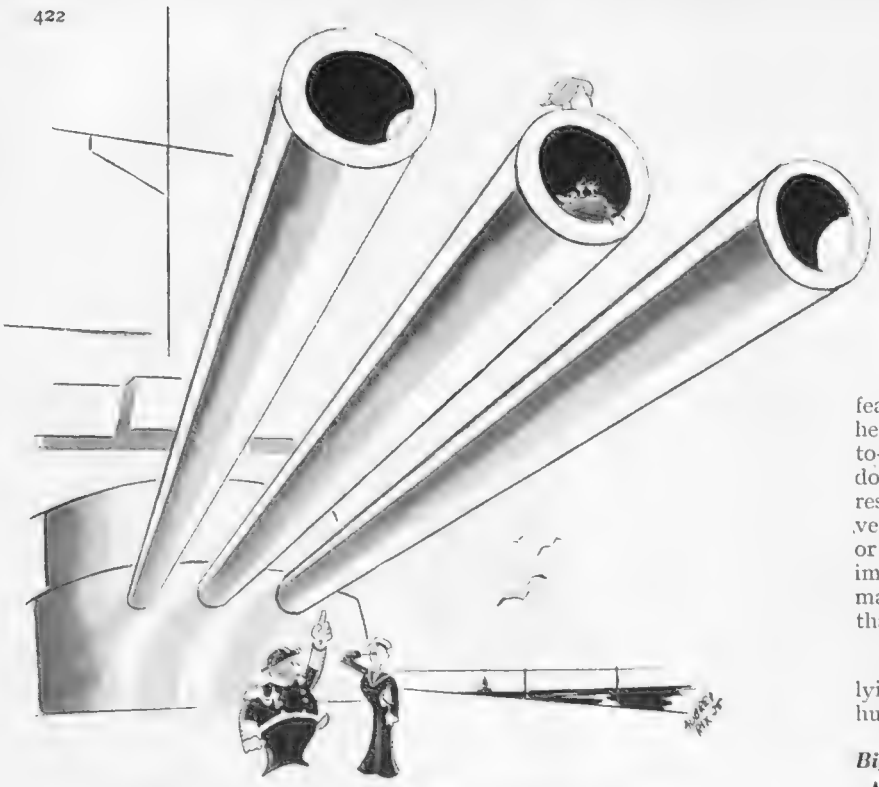
Processional

IT 's not our habit as you know, to make a snobbish fuss or fiddle-faddle about our alleged knowledge of wine. We don't talk about wine, we drink it. Nevertheless, we carefully jotted down the order of precedence of the Burgundies as given to us at dinner the other night by a distinguished winebibber, hoping (stop us if you 've heard it) it might interest you :

King : Chambertin.
Queen : Romanée-Conti.
Regent : Clos de Vougeot.
Princes of the Blood: Romanée, Romanée-Saint - Vivant, Clos de Tart, Musigny, La Tâche, Nuits-Échéseaux, Bonnes - Mares.
Cousin to the King : Richebourg.
Royal Standard-bearer : Corton.
Dukes and Duchesses : Hospices de Beaune, Pommard, Beaune, Savigny, Mercurey, Vergelesses, Chassagne, Santenay-Gravières, Les Charmes-Puligny, attended by Montrachet, Meursault, and Chablis.

These are all " grands crûs." As for us, we love the little wines which don't travel, like Arbois, and a little shy Provençalwine called l'Ours, which has an exquisite hint of

" My aunt ! "
" Not really ? "



"Why does this gun go 'pfft!' instead of 'boom!'?"

strawberries behind its generous warmth, and the earthy wine of Chinon, so rightly praised by Rabelais; and then again, that secret and almost hieratic little wine of the Jura which——

Oh, Lord! There we go. There we go, in spite of ourselves, all whimsy and cultured, like a member of the Wine and Food Society prancing about in the *Spectator*, all nimble-wimble and niff-naffery. Sorry.

Night Off

CONSIDERING that at a recent function in honour of the South African cricketers exactly seventeen speeches were made, that seemed a signally noble and enlightened entertainment offered by the Benchers of the Middle Temple to the Dominion Premiers the other night. It was a dinner with no speeches, thus enabling the manager of that branch of the Recording Angel's Register Department which records lies uttered at public dinners to give one of his people a much-needed night off.

Speechless dinners will never be abolished altogether, because of the universal toleration of jabber, but a shortened form (such as the Prayer Book of the Established Church provides for prayers at sea) might well be substituted for the usual speech-list. Thus, the Chairman would rise, say to the principal guest, "You and your fellow-guests are jolly fine fellows, possessors of all the heroic virtues, paladins, portents, and the supreme flower of Civilisation, and we are sick with joy to have you here," and sit down. The guest would then rise, say to the Chairman, "You and the other magnificent personalities entertaining us here to-night are without a shadow of doubt the salt of the earth, God's own Elect, mirrors of truth, probity, and fearless courage, the pride of the Universe, and henceforth our constant exemplars, and to be here to-night paralyses us with pure ecstasy," and sit down. That would end the speech-making, and the rest of the night would be given to wine and conversation and song; not ballads by quavering tenors or roaring baritones hired at a guinea a howl, but impromptu song by the feasters themselves, in the manly fashion of our fathers, who had more sense than we.

Result: three minutes, at the most, of official lying and drivel; three hours, at the least, of pure human pleasure.

Big Boy

ATTENTION of Messrs. Alfred Hitchcock, Aubrey Hammond, Henry Sherek, Czernikoff, Rex Evans, Bruce Winston, Viscount Castlerosse, and all other predestinate foundation members—and what a foundation!—of the London branch of the Club des Cent Kilos, or Hundred-Pounders' Club, when it is ultimately founded:

"Lady, you've forgot your spurs"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 33.—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

IF your nerves are none too steady
In the watches of the night,
When the wind howls at the casement
And the candle's fitful light
Throws weird shadows on the ceiling
Till your heart with terror pounds,
Take my tip and do NOT read the
Works of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

For this lady has the power
To deprive you of your sleep
With her tales of eerie doings
That can make your gooseflesh creep,
And as chapter follows chapter
You will find that it is clear
That this author 's a past-master
At creating atmos-fear.

It is not the things she tells you,
But the things she leaves unsaid
That so vividly suggest such
Scenes of anguish, hate, and dread;
And the Fat Boy famed in *Pickwick*
Never made one 's flesh creep as
This past-master of the subtle,
Fear-provoking novel has. B. W.

We have lately seen in a Covent Garden print-dealer's shop the engraved portrait of a Mr. Edward Bright, of Maldon, in Essex, who died on November 10th, 1750, aged twenty-nine, and weighing 43½—count them, forty-three and a half—stone, which is just over five hundredweight. The enormous, the ineffable Mr. Bright, seated in a massive oaken chair, suitably curved, overlaps nearly everywhere. His colossal face beams (like most fat men's) with benevolence and piety, real or assumed. The thirty-fifth and last button of his swelling waistcoat is undone, showing him to be a respecter of the Public School tradition. From underneath it peeps the last shirt-wreathed roll, or surge, of Mr. Bright's torso, which even his vast breeches are powerless to confine. If Mr. Bright had not been cut off in his youth, what might he not have become? In any case, what an example, even as he is, to the well-known figures about Town mentioned above! Only about two of them are within a hundredweight of Mr. Bright at present, we dare aver. Courage, boys!

Poet

"I AM told," remarked this year's winner of the Newdigate Prize, a Freshman of Queen's, "it is rather fatal to win the Newdigate. I shall go on writing, nevertheless." This seems to us a dogged, chivalrous, and praiseworthy attitude, worthy of an Oxford poet. For the well-known fact is that winners of the Newdigate who have written well-paid verse in later life are extremely rare. We can remember off-hand only Tennyson, Martin Tupper—or was it the Burton Theological Essay Prize for which this smug personage beat his fellow-undergraduate, Gladstone?—the don who wrote the perpetual line about the rose-red city half as old as Time, and the god-like young peer who is the hero of *Zuleika Dobson*. The Newdigate, in fact, marks for the most part the end of a career and not the beginning, and it has crowned with fruition—how usefully, and with what mellow dignity!—the growing efforts of many, many tiny British pens.

"Hi, you! Stop beating that drum and beat it"

"A bit much — coming right into the vestry and asking cash for that hired suit"

Bowlers, Please

AN expedition after the Mogul's treasure buried by Captain Kidd, we perceive from a new book on that eminent seventeenth-century business man, is about to be projected; and this time the projectors seem to be on the right track. Four maps of Kidd's island, apparently authentic, are in the possession of the treasure-hunters. Each was discovered—as it should be—in the false bottom of a metal-bound chest, each is signed "W. K., 1669," and only by carefully collating all four has the exact position of the cache been found. (And if you imagine that the author of this new Kidd book gives anything away, you oughtn't to be reading the BYSTANDER; you ought to be reading the *Girl's Own Paper*.)

We wish 'em luck, and we earnestly hope they 'll dig for the doubloons in bowler hats. To us there is something exquisitely piratical and right about a bowler hat in conjunction with brazen tropic skies, dark blue seas, booming reefs, white sands, palms swaying in the trades, and all the rest of it. But perhaps we 're naturally romantic about this kind of hat. A bowler hat seems pretty piratical and right to us in the City, too, especially when—as it so often does—it crowns the head of some hatchet-faced Blackbeard of finance who has just sailed into port with his hatches bursting with loot, and a murrain to ye.

The bowler hat, we may remind you, is sacred to the god Mercury, patron of thieves, politicians, and financiers, and has hardly altered at all since the god first wore it, except that it no longer has those little wings.

Sackcloth Department

REFERRING the other week to Mark Lemon, *Punch's* first editor, we stated in all good faith that he had telescoped his name from the original Marcus Levi Solomon. We since learn, from the very best authorities, that this is a legend, and that Mark Lemon, son of Martin Lemon, grandson of Mark Lemon, had no need to qualify his name as we believed he did. We hasten to make this correction, with due apologies for any annoyance which may have been caused to his descendants.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Right: William Powell and Jean Harlow are co-starred in "Reckless," which is at the Empire this week. It's a musical romance, with Jean Harlow as platinum as ever, but a little less tempestuous. Franchot Tone is in it too

Mae West in "Goin' to Town"

From Western dance-hall to English Countess-dom—that's Mae West's route in her new film, which is now at the Carlton. With her here is Ivan Lebedeff as a sinister gigolo who nearly gets her swung for murder, but the Earl (Paul Cavanagh) turns up just in time

And Another Blonde, Jean Harlow, in "Reckless"

• FILMS of the DAY

Passion Without Crime: By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

THE most important thing about *The Scoundrel* is that Noel Coward plays the title-rôle. It is his first appearance on the screen, and is a revelation of still another brilliantly polished facet of his many-sided genius. Another matter of interest is that this picture was written and directed by Ben Hecht and McArthur, the authors of that memorable and scintillating picture, *Crime Without Passion*. The unconventional technique and significant photography is recognisable, and once more there is the keen sense of characterisation applied even to minor parts, brilliant dialogue, and mordant humour.

I agree that *The Scoundrel* is probably not a picture for the masses. Its surprising volte face from a comedy of modern manners to a sort of metaphysical morality play may be a fault of conception or construction, but cinema-goers, bored with banality, to whom are acceptable a new theme, a new method, cynical wit, and the virtuosity of an actor of accepted flippancy, able to plunge into the depths of intensive dramatic feeling, will find *The Scoundrel* more than an entertainment: it will be an experience.

There is still another attraction. A young actress called Julie Haydon plays the extremely difficult part of a young poetess, idealistic to the point of ecstasy, who loves the shallow, consciously and confessedly ruthless and fickle Anthony Mallare. Her performance is poignant. She has infinitely more acting sense than Katherine Hepburn, a more appealing personality, and greater beauty.

THE picture opens by introducing us to a group of literati, waiting in the ante-room of the unspeakable publisher, Anthony Mallare. Their personal ambitions and dispositions and jealousies and egoisms are revealed in their conversation. They have only one thing in common: their dislike of, but dependence on, Mallare, whose chief object in life, after he has conquered the hearts of all the attractive women who cross his path, is to divest himself epigrammatically but heartlessly of their too-enduring attentions.

We see the inception of a love-affair with the young poetess Cora Moore. She is engaged to a devoted, but, by comparison, stodgy airman, and Mallare warns her not to give up a certain future for "a month's diversion, kisses which mean nothing, and words—words, words. . . ." But her infatuation is obstinate. The jilted lover turns up in the publisher's office with a loaded revolver—a good suspense scene which shall not be spoiled by description.

It would seem that even the incorrigible Anthony is succumbing to the sweet sincerity of the young poetess and her belief in his essential goodness. "Do you believe there is such a thing as an innocent woman, innocent in every way?" he asks another woman. "Well, perhaps," she shrugs; "unless you call it arrested development."

There is an exquisite love-scene, with Coward doing his own little "act at the piano." "I am taking my first steps in sincerity," he tells Cora; "you must hold my hand."

BUT Ben Hecht and McArthur like surprises. . . . The next scene shows him once more in pursuit of a new woman. Since he finds her more shallow and insincere than himself, and she has left him because he bored her, he is "furious," and will follow her by air to Bermuda, and marry her. "A magnificent revenge," comments a friend.

When Cora asks him for money to help the man whom their love-affair has ruined, he refuses, and she turns on him in a "fine frenzy," and tells him she hopes he crashes and dies and, dying, knows that no one in the world will mourn him. . . .

This is where the film takes its strange turn. The 'plane comes down in the Atlantic, and Mallare is killed. His "friends" and ex-lovers are cynically indifferent.

But then Mallare reappears in their midst, an altered, tragical figure, coming and going mysteriously until he finds one creature to shed a tear for him.

The rest is all melodramatic symbolism; but it contains some interesting photographic effects and magnificent acting by the surprising Mr. Coward.

AFTER *The Scoundrel*, other films seemed to be painfully ordinary and according to plan. There is *Stolen Harmony*, in which George Raft is starred as a good boy gone wrong, another variation on the gangster theme. It starts in a gaol. The prisoners are orchestrating for the benefit of a dance-band "Maestro." He recognises Ferraro-Raft's talent and decides to give him a chance in his band and cabaret, with which he tours the country in a mammoth motor-bus. The usual old lag prison comrade turns up and tries to blackmail him into robbing his benefactor. He is suspected of the robbery. The whole company and the bus are kidnapped by gangsters, who force them to perform for them. Of course, Raft eventually saves them all, and the gangsters are killed quite dead. Well, if you can believe all that, or don't care, anyway, it's all right.

THERE are some good band and dance numbers, but Raft and his partner are hardly up to the standard of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, who are better than ever in *Roberta*, a really brilliant musical; but, personally, I shall go again to *The Scoundrel*—and leave as soon as the Atlantic waves roll across the screen.

"Bystander" Beauties

No. 4. Lady Moira Combe

Features, colouring, figure, and an exquisite dress-sense combine to make Lady Moira Combe one of the loveliest women in London. She was a beauty when, as an eighteen-year-old bride, she married Colonel Peter Combe in 1920, and so she is to-day, as the mother of a daughter who—it's hard to believe—is just fourteen, and a son of ten. She is the elder daughter of the late Earl of Clonmell, who died in 1928, and a great-niece of the present Earl. Her picture is the fourth of the series of full-colour photographs, specially taken by John Everard

Fastidious in her choice of every personal item, she prefers to smoke Craven "A." And the reasons for her choice? She explains that they are the only cigarettes which do not affect her throat, cannot stain her fingers or lips, and which are unvarying in their excellence.
CRAVEN "A"
In the Easy-Access Inner Foil Pack and Sealed Fresh in Weatherproof 'Cellophane.'
10 for 6D
20 for 1/-
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Elisabeth Petre's Bridesmaids

They were dressed in white moiré with net capes, and white wreaths, and carried white bouquets. In this group are the Hon. Daphne Mulholland, Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, Mary Christian, Moira King, Elizabeth Healing, the bridegroom's sister, Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall, Anne Pilkington, and the Hon. Jacqueline Vereker. The pages were Christopher and Edmund Naylor and Julian Lafone

Mr. Peter Healing and the Hon. Elisabeth Petre

Left: Robert Peter Healing, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. K. Healing, and the Hon. Elisabeth Petre, only daughter of the late Lord Petre, and Lady Rasch, were married last week at the Brompton Oratory

Below: Lord Donegall and Mrs. Simpson were at the opening party of a new show-room for sleek, shining and expensive cars, to which the Prince of Wales also went

Lord Donegall and Mrs. Ernest Simpson

Command Performance

MISS LILY PONS has never been in better voice than last Wednesday night, when she sang *The Barber of Seville* at the Command Performance at Covent Garden.

The Duke and Duchess of York, obviously delighted with her performance, received her in the Royal Box during the interval.

Miss Moore's Necklace

MR. GEOFFREY TOYE entertained in his box Miss Grace Moore, wearing a pale-pink dress and a marvellous necklace of emeralds and diamonds, with rings and a bracelet to match; Lord and Lady Plunket, the latter in a sequin dress, diamond tiara, and ditto clips; and Mr. Cecil Beaton, whose programme was a tremendous success. On the cover it had a design of the Royal Box, and inside were little sketches of the characters in *The Barber of Seville*.

Pale-Blue Hair

MRS. ORMOND LAWSON JOHNSTON is probably one of the few hostesses in London who would give a small dinner in the middle of a busy Season. She had as her guests the other night Lady Mendl, Mr. John McMullin, and Mr. Geoffrey Toye, and produced a really delicious American dinner, for which she is famous.

Lady Mendl's hair is an extraordinary blue tint which is most attractive and absolutely unique. She has it arranged in a flat fringe in front, with tiny curls at the back and little diamond stars clustered around the head.

The talk was mainly of Grace Moore, who had just arrived in London and received an ovation such as has been given to nobody since Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks came to this country. Her simplicity in manner and clothes has already won the hearts of everybody she has met, but she is keeping very quiet and practically living in the country until after her début at Covent Garden on June 6th.

Some Bengal Lancerish Locality

I DINED the other night with a Returned Prodigal (if you can call him that, because he hasn't really been sharing husks with swine; he has been sharing tiffin with the sahib-log in some Bengal-Lancerish locality for the past three years). Anyhow, he was determined to kill the fatted calf.

"Take me," he said, "to one of the newest places. The old landmarks are coated with dust and depressing memories."

So we went to the San Marco. At first I had a lurking doubt that the returned sahib might have become too pukka to appreciate its pale, rather chi-chi décor. Not at all. He found it charming, and praised Oliver Messel's Venetian scenery, but, above all, a very thin, melting piece of steak that we demolished.

New Subjects of Conversation

IT is curious how detached a former Mayfair regular can feel when he returns from a few years spent in what the plumber calls "somewhere East of Sewage." The Prodigal looked round the restaurant with as much wide-eyed curiosity as if the San Marco were in Mars.

"What," he asked, "do you suppose all these people are talking about?"

"Sport, for one thing," I said, "and politics. Those are subjects that women talk about as much as men nowadays. You 'll be glad to hear that you needn't think up trivialities to keep a conversation going with a woman—she won't be interested. She will, though, if you have something new to tell her about some important development in world affairs. That applies to young girls, too—many of them are surprisingly intelligent and far better informed than

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Miss Virginia Gilliatt

Was staying at Ebrington Manor when this and the two other sketches on this page were made. She is to be one of Lady Gloria Vaughan's bridesmaids at her Friday wedding

you are likely to give them credit for being.

"Parents hardly ever talk about their children; in fact, it's often a surprise when you discover that they have any. And the most efficient wives don't broadcast the very boring details of their housekeeping and their servant problems.

"Of course, there's still plenty of fatuous conversation about if you want it. But the kind that is supplied by American show-girls is really only interesting to grass-widowers and the young men we have thrown away."

Soft Shirts

WHEN I arranged to dine with the Prodigal, I said, "A dinner jacket." But not a bit of it. He turned up all white tie and tails, and was horrified at the number of young men in dinner jackets and what he termed tennis shirts. I tried to explain the increase of this lazy fashion. Young men say that they got so used to the comfort and coolness of the soft shirt during hot summer holidays abroad that they cannot go back to the starch and strangulation of stiff shirt-fronts and collars.

An Original Bottle-Party

YOU will be surprised when I tell you that no less a person than Sir Charles Higham opened a new bottle-party in Bond Street last week!

It was at Coty's Perfumery, where an exquisite collection of old and valuable scent-bottles are on view.

Ewers, caskets and pomanders made of priceless glass, enamel, tortoise-shell, and any other substance that you can think of, relics of every age and century, are included in the exhibition.

Friend of Poets and Kings

THE Marchesa Casati was at a six o'clock party given the other day in honour of Mr. Ted Shawn and his merry men, who are appearing in the All-Men Ballet at His Majesty's for three special matinées.

The Marchesa, whose appearances in public are few and far between, was at one time one of the most famous personalities in Europe. She entertained on a colossal scale in Rome, Venice, and Paris, was painted by every artist of the day, and was the friend of poets, kings, and statesmen. Her daughter, Christina, married Lord Hastings, and they have been living until recently on a South Sea Island.

Madame Provatoroff (Waveney, to her friends) also re-appeared that evening, after a six months' stay in Kitzbühl, where she has been recuperating after a serious illness.

She is a witty and attractive person who spends most of her spare time writing plays with her sister, Audrey Carton.

All the most popular well-knowns were at this party. Mary Lygon, in a funny crinkled black dress made, I believe, of elastic taffetas; Lady Veronica Hornby, the best-dressed of all the young-marrieds, whatever anyone else may say; David Herbert, the Stanleys of Alderley, and "thousands" of others.

For Bickering Young-Marrieds

HAVING no one to lunch with, we went alone (the Editorial "we" seems to have gone wrong, somehow) to Punch's, in the hope that Tim Dunbar ("No drinking with members, m'lad") would consent to have a pre-prandial glass of water at our expense.

The back room at Punch's, whose exclusive use has always been as a convenient retreat for bickering young-marrieds, is to be torn to shreds, enlarged, and started up as a sort of grill.

Unfortunately, this entails the destruction of Paddy Bellew's world-famous frieze, "The Ruthless Hunt," which covers two walls.

No longer will the ravages suffered by the Vicar's tennis lawn, as the hunt thunders by, evoke sympathy, and the couple in the hedge will have to continue their interrupted "amours" elsewhere.

Mr. "Toby" Whetherley

Was host for the week-end party at Ebrington Manor. He is in the King's Dragoon Guards, and plays polo for them; his father, Colonel Stobart Whetherley, was in the 19th. Ebrington Manor, a lovely old house dating back to the thirteenth century, belongs to Lord Fortescue

Miss Jocelyn Wingfield

Was also at the Ebrington Manor party. She has just come back from a winter in India; was bridesmaid at her brother, Antony Wingfield's wedding to Judy Stanley the other day

For Race-Goers and Golfers

APART from this, Tim tells us that there will be a club "marquee" at Goodwood—the only one on that delectable race-course. Inveterates who spend their Ascot in the Marlborough Tent, will welcome a haven at Goodwood.

This, of course, was "Jumbo" Jolliffe's idea, and what with Ranelagh, Northolt, Lansdowne House, and a few others, there seems to be no escaping his activities.

Then we heard about yet another golfing week-end to add to the already famous Bucks Club "do."

Punch's boast some pretty fierce performers such as Dale Bourne, Rex Hartley, John de Forest, and Lawson Little, fresh from his Amateur Championship victory at St. Annes.

A selling sweep on handicap, to be auctioned, is the idea. The date is July 27th and 28th, the only thing remaining to be settled is where to hold it.

Go Down!

THE way Heston grows is fantastic. New hangars seem to spring up every day.

Last Sunday one young man tried to fly us to a country club where they

let loose all the Elstree stars and film producers on week-end afternoons. They can be seen sipping tea and munching buns, just like you or us.

Well, we don't fly much, so we went by car. In fact, the only time that our young man got us into his beastly machine was at Le Touquet.

We took one look at the ground from 30 ft. up and screamed:

"Go down, we're too high!"

So we spend our time chasing round the countryside after him by car. And once back at Heston we saw "Pops" d'Erlanger, who has just become a director of Hillman, Billy Levita, and Jim Mollison, who had been flipping about over the Maharaja of Rajpipla's Old Windsor house.

Smart But Difficult

THOSE curly fringes that women are wearing on their foreheads are becoming rather a knotty point, and are not entirely popular.

They are smart but difficult, and I can think of only two people to whom they are really becoming, Lady Moira Combe, who is so beautiful she can wear anything, and little Valerie Brooke, the debutante sister of Lady Inchcape, and the newly engaged Elizabeth.

Jeanne Aubert, Mr. Cochran's new leading lady in *Anything Goes* (when is it arriving, by the way?) is another "fringe-ite," wearing hers in a very 1880 manner, hair brushed straight off the ears, and all that.

The Claude Leighs' debutante daughters, whose "coming-out" party happens this week, both wear straight fringes, and are a nice contrast in colouring.

A Madonna-like centre parting is the most effective of all hairdressing methods, but it only suits about one woman in a hundred. Lady Nunburnholme and Mrs. Anthony Acton are two beautiful exceptions who are wise in adopting it.

Mrs. John Taylor

Has already managed to get nicely bronzed; her clothes, including postman's hat, were grey—excellent colour for fair, sunburnt people

By Candle-light

HOUSES that are illuminated entirely by candle-light are rare in these days. Athelhampton Hall, in Dorset, the home of Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, is one. It is the most perfect old house of the Gothic type, with a lovely garden, and there is a river called the Piddle running through the grounds.

Mrs. Harmsworth has been very little in London lately, and has had an anxious time owing to the illness of her nine-year-old son, Vere.

He is an amazingly good-looking child, and much more like his mother than his two tall, fair sisters, the eldest of whom has just gone to Paris to be "finished" by the famous Misses Ozane.

Lord Rosebery

Sketched at Ashridge Golf Club, of which he is president

Miss Valerie Brooke

Wearing white taffeta with a navy blue collar, and with her hair done in the curly fringe of the moment, ate her supper with a "naughty ninety-ish" air

Usual Feverish Hurly-Burly

IT is very seldom that the Prince of Wales appears at a cocktail-party, but he was at the one held in the new motor show-rooms in St. James's Street last Wednesday.

It was given by Commander James Dugdale, and the cool show-room in the basement was a relief after the feverish hurly-burly of most cocktail-parties. Easily recognised above the heads of the crowd were the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Warrender, Mr. Charles Mills, and Commander Bill Eakin. It was the first really hot day since the Jubilee, and some charming summery clothes made their début.

Mme. Bolette Natanson

Had an exhibition the other day at Mrs. Syrie Maugham's galleries of her modern interior decorations. She specialises in all-white designs, and likes to use shells and butterflies

Gala Till All Hours

IF one *could* give a party, one would like it to be half as good as the really super-gala given by the Maharaja of Rajpipla at the Savoy on Thursday night.

It was grand fun, and went on till all hours. Don't ask me to tell you who was there. All the people who make a party as amusing as this one was: Lady Warwick, in red taffeta and great good looks; Mrs. Drury and Lady Brougham and Vaux, as pretty as ever; Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, wearing lovely emeralds; Lady Warrender, a glittering sylph in gold sequins; a great many too many men, which is always a good sign; smart young-marrieds turned up in force—Muskers, Sweenys, Smileys and Hornbys; Americans, like the Sanfords, Mrs. Gwynne and Mrs. Julie Thompson.

We got tired at last of saying and hearing everyone else say "What a marvellous party" over and over again, and tottered off to Frisco's for a glass of beer. Here we found the end of another party, which had been given by Lady Mary Dunn, and Lady Weymouth, Mrs. Tanis Montagu, Mr. Robin Wilson and Mr. Richard Sykes, and so on, just leaving.

Story

THE following conversation was overheard in one of those Military Clubs where brave, bronzed soldiers are wont to forgather.

"Seen anything of old George lately?"

"No. He's in Lucknow."

"Really? So that old aunt is dead at last!"

"Don't be an ass! The Regiment has gone to India."

MISS PEEPS

Paul Maze Paints Another Topical Picture

Paul Maze, the French artist whose pictures are being shown at the Wildenstein Galleries, was busy painting the Trooping of the Colour at rehearsals last week. He hoped to get the picture done in time to put it in his exhibition yesterday. Sitting on the ladder to watch him at work is Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper

Right: Princess Alphonse Caraman de Chimay, Lady FitzAlan, and Miss Daphne Kingsmill, all very neat in black and white and furs, after an off-Piccadilly lunch-party

Left: Mr. John de Forest, looking very pensive, and Mrs. B. Smith-Dorrien were at last week's motor-showroom cocktail-party

London Medley

Right: this week's pram parade in Hyde Park features Lady Long of Wraxall and her baby daughter, with Miss V. Battye and the Hon. Patricia Berry as escorts

Cocktail-Party Reverie

Left: Prince and Princess Otto von Bismarck and their small son, who was christened last Thursday at the German Church, Montpelier Place; his names are Karl Alexander

Right: Leslie Banks and Elena Miramova looking at their parts for "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," which starts next week at the St. Martin's. Miramova had just arrived in England to rehearse; her last London appearance was as Grusinskaya in "Grand Hotel"

Black and White for Lunch Time

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London Pageantry: the

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Trooping of the Colour

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Mr. Starkey and Lady Lavinia Dundas, Lord Zetland's second daughter, looking at the form-book at Lingfield before the Derby Trial Stakes, which Lord Astor's Derby horse, Field Trial, won

A Racing Reverie

All Horses Are Fools or Aren't They?

By "Regular"

Mrs. Walter, Mr. Herbert Rich, Mr. Bennett and Sir Alfred Butt are all regulars at the pony-racing at Northolt

This Was at Lingfield

Lord Sligo and Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald watched a race or two together at Lingfield. Lord Sligo has retired from the Greys, but not yet from being a bachelor

THIS article must commence with a message of sympathy for all concerned at Stanley House on the accident to Bobsleigh. Lord Derby, Lord Stanley, Colledge Leader, Dick Perryman, and the "boy what does him" are all deserving of our condolences—most of all "Coll" Leader, who hadn't slept a wink for nights, and tried so heroically to get him sound.

WHAT is particularly exasperating is that the trouble in itself was quite trivial, and if it had happened to you or me we could have cured it in twenty-four hours. We should have lain flat on our back with our ankle in a nice, cold compress and all would have been well; but to suggest to a horse that he should have a nice "lie down," even for a quarter of an hour, is the equivalent to suggesting to a human being that he should cancel all engagements and go down to Boreham-on-Sea for a month—alone.

THIS, I know, is another way of saying that all horses are fools—which, of course, they are, or we shouldn't have any racing; and the stupidest ones are often the best racehorses. Would you believe it, there are some horses who apparently appreciate being hit with the whip; and what could be stupider than that? Unless, of course, there is a strong strain of masochism running through their veins.

YOU needn't tell me that I shall receive some very rude letters as the result of the above paragraphs. One has only to suggest that a horse is not blessed with almost human intelligence, or that a fox doesn't like being hunted, to receive pages from "Horse Lover," "Fair Play," and "Disgusted" containing positive proof of the uncanny intelligence of the thoroughbred and instances of how miserable are our foxes during the summer when they are not being pursued by a pack of hounds.

DESPITE all that, I can only repeat that horses are, for the most part, incredibly stupid and foxes hate being hunted, but that does not mean that we do not love horses and racing and hunting. I also have a dog who is the biggest fool on earth, but that does not stop me adoring him; and when I look around our race-courses and make a note of those who are generally considered the clever people, I thank God for the fools.

RECENTLY, Mrs. Vernet being at the other meeting, I approached a Semitic bookmaker with a Scotch name and requested him to lay me the odds to £3 each way S.P. a certain horse. The favourite was at odds against in a field of goodness knows how many runners, but the bookmaker's reply was: "No each way."

Now this bookmaker is reputed to be one of the cleverest men racing, but I take leave to doubt it. I shall, of course, never bet with him again, and I am one of those who seldom win. Furthermore, when I lose I always pay. Not always on the Monday, but I've never knocked one yet. I should have thought, therefore, that I was the sort of backer to whom bookmakers would have sent fountain-pens and calendars as an inducement for me to bet with them, but here was one refusing me what every bookmaker who occupies valuable space on the rails should be compelled to grant one.

I MAY say that I went a little way further down the rails to my old friend Dick Scott Fry, who was delighted to accommodate me. Scott Fry and Harry Slowburn are the Lord Chesterfields of the Ring. Would that some others I could name would take a course of lessons from them.

No Derby in our memory has borne a more cut-and-dried appearance, and, with the exception of speculation regarding Bobsleigh's health, which ended with his being scratched last Wednesday, I have hardly heard the race discussed. In any normal year men—and women, too, for that matter—will discuss the race by the hour, but this year it is quickly dismissed with a brief sentence, like "I suppose, Bahram" or "Of course, the Aga Khan."

THIS does not mean that we shall not get frightfully thrilled next Wednesday, but it is a poor sort of race for the non-racing people who only have one bet a year. Take, for example, the between-maid, who always has sixpence on her fancy. Is she to lay sixpence to fourpence on Bahram, with the very reasonable chance of getting her sixpence back and four coppers dividend, or is she to cast her "tanner" recklessly on some hopeless outsider in the belief that the age of miracles is not yet past? My own suggestion is that she should have threepence each way on Lord Astor's Field Trial, and that goes for all you folks who have not the wherewithal to lay the odds on Bahram.

No man deserves to win a Derby more than Lord Astor. His bad luck in the greatest race in the world has become proverbial. Whereas he has won the Oaks on numerous occasions, he has never won the Derby, though he has been second several times. We may not agree with Lord Astor over the question of the demon Alcohol, nor do we invariably see eye to eye with his lady wife, but as a racehorse owner we award him full marks. No man has ever raced on better lines, and no trainer or jockey could ask to work for a more loyal or considerate employer.

I WONDER how many times I have written that I love Epsom, but with the passing of the years my affection only tends to grow stronger. Whereas on so many courses I have to do as I am told—"My coat, please, dear. Do you want me to catch my death of cold?" or "A glass of lemonade. I suppose it doesn't occur to you that I might be thirsty while you've been debauching in the champagne bar?" or "Have you given Mrs. Vernet my mixed doubles?" (you all know what we chaps have to go through) at Epsom the boot's on the other leg, and it's Uncle Regular who wears the trousers. The Mem is parked with a lot of other Mems on a nice hard seat in the stalls, and I race in luxury in the Members', where no women are allowed. Once or twice during the afternoon I condescendingly go and look her up—if she's lucky.

"These Names Make News . . ."

As We Daily Express It

"The Hutton"

•

Grace Moore

•

Helen Wills Moody

•

Roy and Brooke

Count and Countess Kurt von Haugwitz-Reventlow

Yes, this is Barbara Hutton's new husband and her new name. She got her divorce from Prince Alexis Mdivani on May 13th, and on May 14th she married the Count, who is a Dane, aged thirty-nine, an ex-German Life Guardsman, and owner of an estate in Denmark, where the new young-marrieds are rumoured to be going to live. They were photographed at San Francisco, en route for a honeymoon tour of the East

Right: Mrs. Helen Wills Moody was in the "arrivals" news last week, when she landed in London to prepare for her seventh attack on the Championship. She decided at six hours' notice to make the trip, and her decision certainly "made news" for Dorothy Round, the holder

Wills Moody for Wimbledon

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Valentin Parera

Left: Grace Moore and her Spanish film-actor husband, Valentin Parera, drinking an olde Englishe cup of tea amongst the daisies at Bray. Zero hour for her is soon after 8.30 to-morrow night, when she makes her Covent Garden début in "Carmen"

Right: Mr. Roy and Miss Brooke

The Harry Roy-Elizabeth Brooke announcement appeared in "The Times" last Tuesday, and the engaged couple celebrated the day by having lunch together

Bon Jour! Good Morning!

Maurice Chevalier is in London: In Fact, He's in *Stop Press*

From to-morrow, Maurice Chevalier is back on the London stage, for the first time for five years. He is going into "Stop Press" with some turns of his own, new songs and a few old, and an extract or two from his film successes. "Stop Press" plus Chevalier plus his straw hat and his impudent humour will be the perfect revue; the Adelphi show, after the Censor got at it, had everything but a bit of devilment, and that's just what this incorrigible Parisian can provide. He may be the best Ruritanian adventurer in Hollywood; he may want to go serious in his next film (and he's very attractive when he's serious, the girls think)—he'll still have most fans when he's sticking out that lower lip of his in a "Man from the Folies Bergère" kind of part

On Goes Their Season

Seven Attractive Jubilee Debutantes

Photographs by Bassano, Dorothy Wilding, Hay Wrightson, Kay Vaughan, Lenare and Pearl Freeman

Above: **Pamela Bowring Toms**

Below: **Prunella Feilding**

Pamela Fisher

Daphne Brownlow

Joyce Kingscote

Diana Carlos Clarke

Silvia Ryle

Daphne Brownlow *is the only daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Brownlow, and a niece of Lord Lurgan; her mother presented her in March, and gave a dance for her and her brother, Desmond, at the Ritz last week*

Pamela Bowring Toms *also went to a March Court; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bowring Toms; her mother and Mrs. Keith Barlow gave a dance for her and Cynthia Barlow last month*

Pamela Fisher *is the daughter of the late Sir Thomas Fisher, and Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, and sister of Nigel Fisher, who is marrying Lady Gloria Vaughan on Friday this week. Her step-father, Geoffrey Shakespeare, is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health*

Prunella Feilding *is the youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Rowland Charles Feilding, of Stoke House, Slough, Bucks; is nineteen this year; is being presented this month. Her father is a cousin of Lord Denbigh*

Diana Carlos Clarke *is the only daughter of Major Charles Carlos Clarke and Lady Eileen Carlos Clarke, and a first cousin of Lord Ranfurly; she was presented in March*

Joyce Kingscote *is Captain and Mrs. Maurice Kingscote's daughter; went to Court in March, and had a dance given for her and co-deb Mary Banbury by her mother and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Craven on May 23rd*

Silvia Ryle *is the elder of Mrs. Alexis Ffrench's two debutante daughters; Mrs. Ffrench gave a dance for them both on Monday night at Ham House*

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MARKOVA—WHO IS GOING ROUND THE WORLD

This is the latest portrait of Alicia Markova, ballerina of Sadler's Wells, and of Covent Garden, where she danced in "La Cenerentola." This week she and Anton Dolin and the Vic-Wells Ballet Company are making a brief West End appearance before they go off on their provincial tour, starting at Blackpool on the 10th and ending, via Bournemouth and Scotland, at Leeds in September. This is the first time a British ballet company has been out touring the provinces. After that Markova is planning a world tour—America, South Africa, Australia—with Anton Dolin and a new company

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The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Paris, China, the Woolly West, and Lancashire

By
A. G. Macdonell

M. Sacha Guitry is a man of delicious wit, and a Parisian as well, and the combination is apt to be irresistible. His playwriting and his acting are world-famous, and now he has ventured into a new craft and published a jeu d'esprit in prose. *The Memoirs of a Cheat* (Gollancz; 6s.) consists of 124 short pages, and twenty simple illustrations by the author, and the whole production has been awarded, by an enthusiastic publisher, the Prix Victor Gollancz. And, I think, rightly. It is seldom that all the ingredients which go to the construction of a book are so beautifully harmonised as in this one. The format is comically unusual, the wrapper is attractive, the binding is original, and the paper and printing perfect. In fact, it is almost the duty of the conscientious reviewer to concentrate upon praise of publisher, printer, and binder, and only to throw in a civil word at the end about the author. But the author plays his part. M. Guitry's Cheat is a neat little creation, and he knows everything that is to be known about Casinos, and baccarat, and the secrets of "La Poussette," and the picking-up of "orphans," and many other tricks of the profession. And he writes with such Parisian felicity, such economy of words, such a wealth of unforced epigram, that the whole little opusculus almost assumes the dignity of a major work of art. There are several pages of description of Paris, written by a Parisian, as only a Parisian could write them, which are utterly brilliant. And I, who am no Parisian, confess that M. Guitry is in a class to which I can never aspire. For M. Guitry can stand at the Arc de Triomphe and go down the Champs Élysées and the Rue Royale towards the Place de la République, and have the Seine upon his left. I, poor simple foreigner, must have the Seine upon my right when I make that journey. And who, in the name of all that is classical, is Dennis of Halicarmassus? Is it my old, old friend Dionysius in swagger, up-to-date Parisian get-up?

The publication (by Lovat Dickson, at 7s. 6d.) of Mr. John Marquand's *Ming Yellow* leads me to hope that at last this capital writer will be recognised in this country and praised as he deserves. For a number of years he has been a best-seller in America, and that in spite of his scholarly qualities, his distinguished style, and his artistic integrity—three heavy handicaps for a best-seller. In order to write *Ming Yellow*, Mr. Marquand spent several months in China, and the results of his expedition are very obvious in the atmosphere of the book. For it is in this elusive quality of atmosphere that *Ming Yellow* is so notable. Caravans move slowly out of mud-walled market-towns; Mongolian thrushes, "in their wicker cages outside the kitchen," break into song; in the central street of a town in the interior, "the sweet-meat vendor was beating his small brass gong. A charcoal retailer was waving his large rattle. The fan-repair man, for the weather was growing warm, was shaking his string of bells." All this is the authentic touch. And the authentic touch is an enormous relief in these days when so much is completely bogus. *Ming Yellow* is that rarest of things, an exciting book written by a man of letters.

Broncho Charlie

Whose adventures among the toughs in years gone by make fascinating reading. His reminiscences (published by Harrap) are reviewed on this page

Broncho Charlie was the last of the Pony Express riders, and almost the last survivor of the Wild West, of the days when the West really was wild. He has not actually written his reminiscences, because it is doubtful whether his writing would stand the strain, but he has dictated them. And the result is an historical document. *Broncho Charlie* (Harrap; 8s. 6d.) is a page in America's history. It is an authentic tale of the Frontier, of the Pioneers, of the last desperate stands of the Red Indians against the incessant encroachment of the Whites. Charlie knew Chief Joseph, the last of the Indian Chiefs, a stout fighter and an honourable gentleman. He knew Montana when that State was a weltering mass of prospectors and thugs. In fact, there wasn't very much about tough life in the West in the old days that Broncho Charlie didn't know.

The main difference between Dr. Cronin's outlook upon modern industrial life in the north of England and Mr. J. L. Hodson's, is that the former seems to be completely and pessimistically cynical about the whole of that colossal tragedy, whereas the latter sees hope for the future in the unquenchable spirit of the English character. Mr. Hodson's new novel, *God's In His Heaven* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), is permeated with that invincible nobility of character which is the hall-mark of the English poor. However gloomy the outlook may be—and in the modern Lancashire of bankrupt firms, the dole, semi-starvation, dwindling savings, and utter depression, things are gloomy indeed—the poor do not give up hope. The upper classes may wilt, may find the strain unendurable, but the poor cling desperately to their innate belief that things will come out all square in the end. That is Mr. Hodson's theme—if I have judged the book rightly—and he treats it with profound sympathy and a great knowledge of the heart of the Lancashire artisan. He is less successful with his portraits of the cotton-master and his circle, but the moment he delves down into "life," he is at his best. A small picture, but a brilliant one, is the middle-aged, philandering, touring actor. In half-a-dozen sentences, in which no word is superfluous, Mr. Hodson makes him spring to life in the most startling, and yet the most subtle, way. And that, of course, is the greatest of all tests. Mr. Hodson is at the beginning of his career. So far as I know, he has only written four or five novels. But he is one of those very rare authors who are developing towards strength and understanding with each book, and, at the same time, gaining a steadily increasing mastery over their technique, which is, of course, simply a rather grand word for the art of putting the right words in the right order. *God's In His Heaven* is a better book than Dr. Cronin's *The Stars Look Down*, because of its immense power of sympathy that comes from understanding. It is a book of great importance, not only for its own merits, but for the promise which it holds out of even more important things to come.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

This lovely frock was recently shown at Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street) mid-season collection, which met with great success. It is carried out in pale pink lace threaded with silver, and is cut on simple, graceful lines, with cascade draping down the back and a cape effect outlining the square neck. A contrasting note is introduced by the red and coral flowers at the waist. Flowered organdie and chiffon were featured among the picture frocks for Ascot and Goodwood, while colours were chiefly pastel in tone, together with a certain amount of all white and black and white

Peter Clark

Ascot and Goodwood

Ascot and Goodwood are occasions when women vie with each other in the matter of dress, with the result that some of the loveliest clothes ever created are to be seen. White stiffened chiffon is used for this beautiful frock, which may be seen in the speciality department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The shirred bag, which is also in chiffon and seems to be overflowing with cherries, lends a touch of originality

The ensemble on the right has been designed by Maison Ross, 19, Grafton Street, for the ultra-smart woman who dresses in a somewhat severe style. It is expressed in blue-and-white printed crêpe-de-Chine. The frock has elbow-length draped sleeves, and a navy-blue suède belt. Touches of white are introduced in the collar, while the three-quarter length coat is sleeveless

Peter Clark

Hats For All Occasions

Ostrich feathers have come into their own once more, and are very becoming. The hat portrayed at the top of the page may be seen at Woollands, Knightsbridge. It is made in white ballibuntal, trimmed with a black ostrich feather, which sweeps round one side of the brim and hangs over the back. Many of the new toques are entirely made from ostrich, and have sunshades to match

Philip Harben

Shady hats offer a vast choice both in shapes and straws. Shallow crowns and dipping brims persist, though the straight sailor is very fashionable. Many of the new models are trimmed with flowers. Burnt leghorn is used for the model pictured above, which comes from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is trimmed with brown petersham and a veil which falls over the brim

An ideal hat for wearing with a tailored suit is seen on the left. Though simple it is very smart, and may be seen at Debenham and Freebody. It is made in white paper panama, with a band of black petersham round the crown. A stiffened veil hangs over the face like a windscreen. Talking of veils, many people are reverting to Victorian days, when they streamed from the back

Linen and Wool, for Bathing and Sailing

The newest interpretations in bathing suits, beach wraps, sandals and shorts are all to be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The figure standing above is wearing a yellow and white check coolie coat in cotton lined with yellow towelling. The turn-down collar and cuffs are faced with towelling, and the price is 45/9. Extra fine wool is used for the yellow bathing suit with black stripes. It is guaranteed unshrinkable,

There are three fashionable lengths for trousers this season. Above the knees, when they are known as shorts; half-way down the calf; and ankle-length. They may be in grey flannel, linen or stockinette. Those portrayed on the left are navy-blue, and bear the name of "Forma." They cost 32/6, and may be seen at Harrod's. Also the double-breasted "Middy" coat in oatmeal linen for 35/9. Bathing sandals are gay and original, and vary from coloured raffia to cellophane

A quick way of getting brown is to use the Hélène Sun-brown lotion from Harrod's. To become naturally brown, however, the legs, neck and arms should be bathed in Hélène's Sun-oil, at 3/6 a bottle. Then, for the complexion, there is an excellent Sun-tan cream which acts as a foundation before making-up with dark powder and rouge

Lenare

Taffeta days are here again. Taffeta gowns to rustle over Ascot lawns. Taffeta for crisp little summer suits, Taffeta for grand and glorious picture frocks. So it's good to know there's a 'Celanese' Taffeta for every different kind of dress. Nicer still to discover that all this rich, romantic, rustling loveliness is so very inexpensive. And 'Celanese' Taffeta is only one of many lovely 'Celanese' Dress Fabrics . . .

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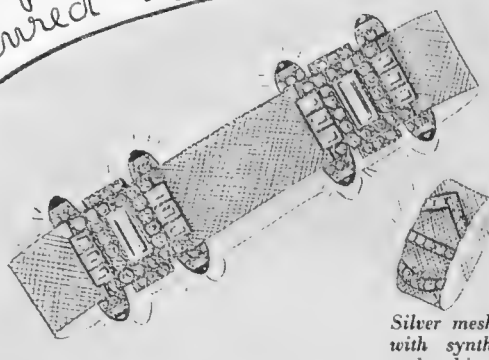
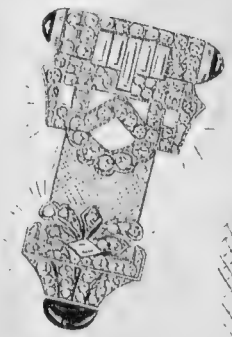
royds

The Bystander Twins in search of Novelties

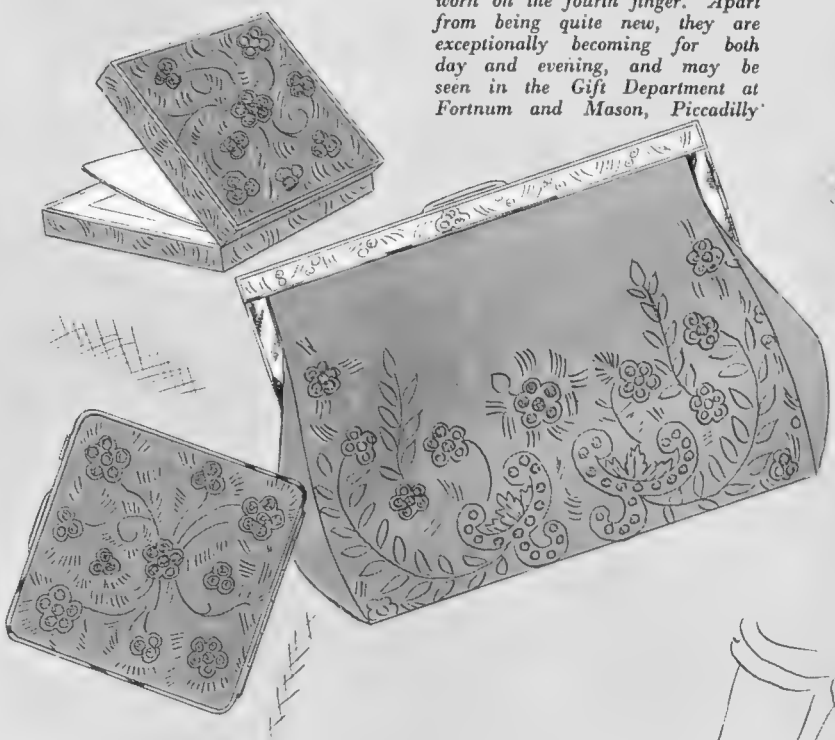
Discovered by Peta. Pictured by Pam.





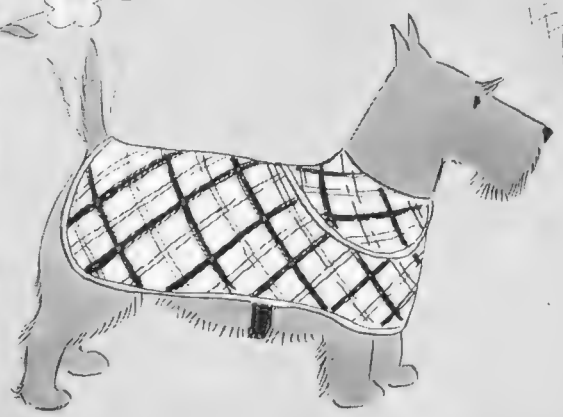
Silver mesh and diamond paste set with synthetic jewels combine to make this lovely bracelet and fob; also the ring, which is meant to be worn on the fourth finger. Apart from being quite new, they are exceptionally becoming for both day and evening, and may be seen in the Gift Department at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly

This "Doggy" tourist-case is an excellent travelling companion, as it contains everything required for washing, including a cake of soap. In spotted linen lined with rubber, it costs 2/11 from Jenners, Edinburgh



This beautiful bag is also a member of the Gift Department at Fortnum and Mason. It is carried out in velvet embroidered with silver and diamanté, and is accompanied by a cigarette-case and powder-box to harmonise. All three are obtainable in various colours, including eau de Nil green

It is almost impossible to distinguish artificial flowers from real ones, so perfectly are they made. Those illustrated may be seen at Fortnum and Mason. They are obtainable either all together in a bowl, or else separately in sprays, and require sand, and not water, to stand in



Beauty treatments for dogs are given at the Pets' Parlour, 12, Berkeley Square. These include stripping, trimming, and preparing for shows. The Pekinese is being dried with the Berkeley towel, which has hand-pockets at either end, and costs 2/-. Coats are made to measure for 6/6, and the latest fashion is for dog and master or mistress to dress alike in checks

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The South Africans Play Middlesex at Lord's

Some Impressions of Our Very Popular Visitors by H. H. Harris

A. D. Nourse just before being caught by Hearne

H. F. Wade "tied up" by Robins

E. A. Rowan out for five

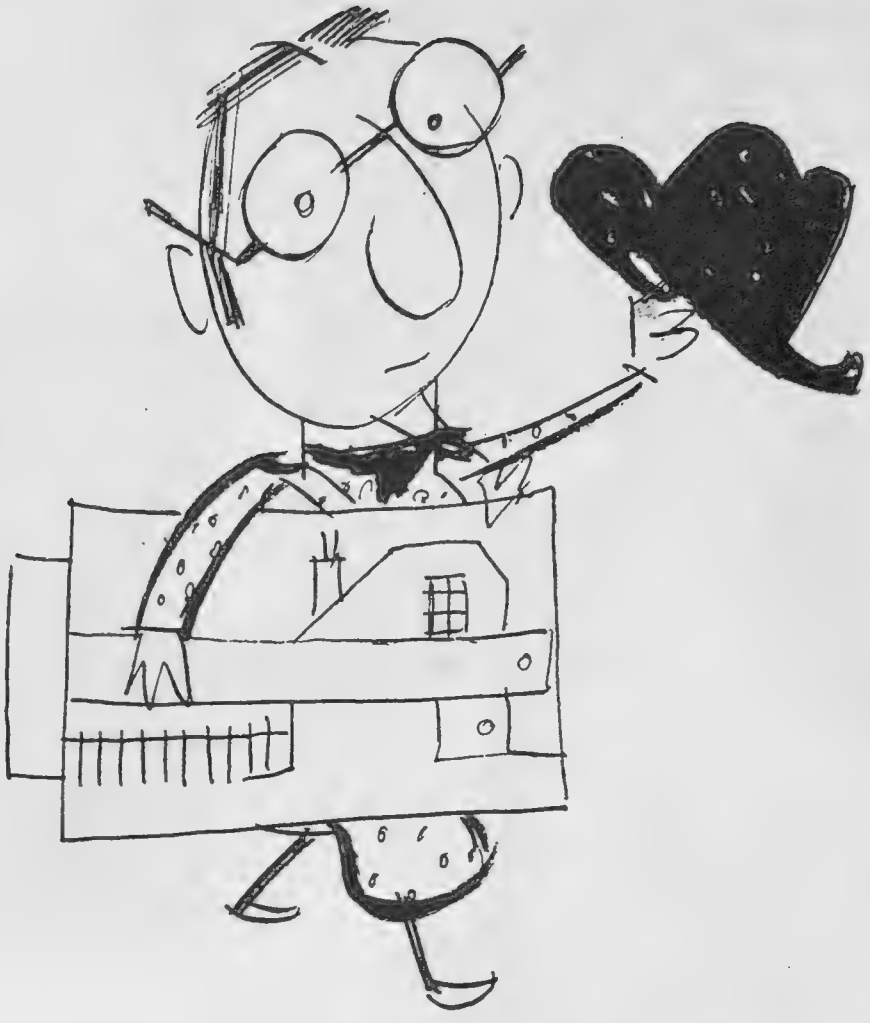
Right: X. Balaskas doing some good fielding

I. J. Siedle also "tied up" by Robins

K. G. Viljoen on the defensive

E. L. Dalton having a merry knock for fifty-six

A. B. Langton in form



An architect, Everard Murchiss,
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Now, spurred by Schweppes Tonic,
He's built a Masonic
Girls' School, seven pubs and ten churchiss.

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- does you Good

For the second year in succession the American golfer, Lawson Little, won our Amateur Championship, defeating Dr. Tweddell in the final by one hole. He is seen on the left being presented with the cup. Dr. Tweddell is on the left

Below: Mrs. Tweddle, Mrs. Fiddian, the Hon. Michael Scott, and Eric Fiddian at the Amateur Golf Championship at Royal Lytham and St. Annes

Spoils to the Victor: Lawson Little Wins the Amateur Championship

Better-Halves and Competitors

The Amateur Championship

A Battle of Giants

By J. S. F. Morrison

In the thirty-six-hole final of the Amateur Championship, played over the links of the Royal Lytham and St. Annes Golf Club, Lawson Little (Presideo, U.S.A.) beat Dr. W. Tweddell (Stourbridge) by one hole after a most thrilling and exciting match, and thus retained the Championship Cup which he had won at Prestwick last year. At the end of the match, the general opinion was that the runner-up was even a greater hero than the winner. As everyone knows, Little at once ran away with the lead, and was three up after four holes had been played. He increased his lead to four up at the eleventh, where he sank a putt travelling at a tremendous speed. Both players played the last nine holes before lunch extremely well. Little had holed the course in approximately 73 shots, and Tweddell came in to lunch three down.

Resuming afterwards it appeared that the nineteenth hole would be vital. This hole measures 215 yards and is tightly bunkered, and consequently, during the whole Championship, was very seldom halved. If Little won this hole, the match would be as good as over; if Tweddell won it, there was obviously going to be excitement. Little, who was late on the tee after lunch, was obviously flurried, and did not hit one good shot in the first three holes. He was bunkered on the right off the tee, and Tweddell, rather lucky to miss the bunkers on the left, finished beyond them. Little got out too strongly and was not dead in four. Tweddell saved him the trouble of having to putt by holing from a little over two yards for a three. At the second hole Little was under the railings on the right off the tee, just got out in two, and allowed Tweddell, with little difficulty, to win the hole in five. The next hole, the third hole in the afternoon, had a tremendous bearing on the final result. Little hit his tee shot hard on the head and finished in the bunker in the middle of the fairway. He just got out of the bunker and put his third in another bunker on the left, short of the green. Tweddell, who had hit a good tee shot, got a nasty hanging lie and was very short in two. He was on the green in three. Little played out of the bunker about nine yards from the hole. Tweddell now had to get down in two from about twenty yards to win his third consecutive hole and become all square. His approach putt hit Little's ball in the middle and knocked it two yards closer to the hole, with the result that he allowed Little a half in six and, what was far more important, breathing space. After a half in four, Tweddell at the fifth topped his tee shot into a bunker, and allowed Little to win a one-shot hole in four. I personally think that these two holes, the third and fifth in the afternoon, were the deciding factors of this match. Little had his third six in seven holes at the seventh, which he lost, but as he had won the sixth he remained two up. Tweddell missed his second shot to the eighth hole badly, but made amends by putting his tee shot within two yards of the hole at the ninth and holing the putt for a two.

After a half at the tenth, where Little drove into a bunker green-high, at a hole measuring 340 yards, Tweddell holed the eleventh in three to four, as Little had done in the morning, and then hit a magnificent tee shot to the one-shot twelfth. Little was to the left and never in sight of a three. I believe that if it had been necessary Tweddell would have holed his putt for a two at this hole. Both were putting for threes at the thirteenth, but neither holed. At the fourteenth Little, for the first time, decided to play the more difficult tee shot on the left-hand route. He played a good one and left himself an easy second to the green. Both second shots finished on the edge of the green, Tweddell straight, and Little hole-high on the left. Little had to play first, and ran his ball dead for Little, but not for you or me. Tweddell, who was putting downhill, over-ran the hole. He left himself a little over two yards, and struck the putt beautifully; I have never seen a ball hit the hole so slowly and remain out. Little was a long way ahead off the fifteenth tee, and won the hole in four to five, Tweddell having bunkered his second to the right of the green. Little was now two up and three to play. At the sixteenth hole, Little was again a long way ahead off the tee; Tweddell, although he did not appear quite to strike his shot, reached the green, and Little then bunkered himself on the left. He played a semi-explosion shot out five yards past the hole and holed his putt to save the hole. At the thirty-fifth hole Tweddell played one of the most gallant and courageous shots I have ever seen in a crisis. He was in a shallow bunker on the right of the green, and after considering which of two clubs to play, selected the one with the less loft. He hardly touched the sand, hit the ball low, and lipped the hole. Tweddell hit a good tee shot at the thirty-sixth and left himself with an easy second. Little pushed his tee shot so badly that it carried the crowd on the right and very rightly found a horrid place, with the ball half-cupped. Tweddell played first, and finished with a good shot about six yards short of the hole. Anything might now happen. Little, lying very badly, was faced with a shot which would be a difficult pitch if the ball was lying well. He produced the most lofted of what he calls his pitching wedges and played a magnificent shot, finishing about eight yards past the hole. He putted up about two feet from the hole. Tweddell missed and conceded Little his putt, but I do not think he would have done this if he had not been completely exhausted. We all like to see the best player win, and Little was, without doubt, the best player in this Championship.

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It is the unexpected invitation that discovers the weaknesses in one's wardrobe! A chance to join a party at Ascot—and no morning coat. An opportunity to turn an acquaintance into a friend—and no really country suit for the offered week-end. It has happened to all of us at one time or another.

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P.955

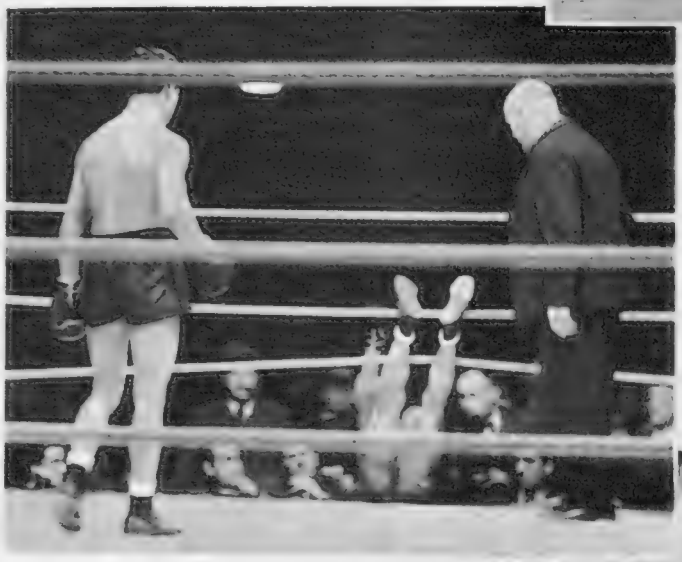
Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Famous Social Clubs Compete in Golf at Le Touquet

Left: Mr. H. W. E. Leslie (White's), Sir John Fitzgerald (White's), Mr. F. R. Hoyer-Miller (Boodle's), and Captain the Hon. C. Spring-Rice (Boodle's), competitors in the Boodle's, Cavalry, Guards', and White's Club Competition at Le Touquet. Further pictures on page 417

Above: Mrs. Goldman and her daughter arriving at Le Touquet for the Boodle's, Cavalry, Guards' and White's Club Competition



Left: Benny Caplan goes through the ropes from a right-hand punch from Dave Crowley at the Clapton Stadium, in the fight to determine the Featherweight Championship of the Southern Area

"I'm Leaving You Now, Sir . . ."

A Derby Candidate Owned by a Lady

Trainer Percy Allden with First Son, the Derby hope of Mrs. C. Evans (née Camille Clifford), the well-known actress. The horse ran second in the Derby Trial Sweepstakes at Lingfield Park

With the first Test match against the South Africans starting at Trent Bridge on June 15th, the England Selectors are pretty busy these days looking for likely players. Several young cricketers have made impressive showings thus early in the season, while old and tried campaigners have done indifferently. And so, inevitably, we are hearing from some quarters a demand that we should discard certain England men—and give the youngsters a chance. I go half-way with these people, but no further, for there are certain men—Herbert Sutcliffe is one of them—who cannot be dropped ruthlessly.

I have mentioned Sutcliffe's name. And let me tell you that the idea of leaving him out of the first Test has been very seriously considered. His successor? Well, I have heard it said that Fagg, the Kent opening batsman, has been suggested as a likely man. Now, if Sutcliffe is passed over—horrid thought!—there will be an outcry not only in the famous player's own Broadacres, but throughout the country. For the great Yorkshireman is a potential Test winner.

Sutcliffe may be out of form in county matches, yet when the big occasion arises there he is, imperturbable, and with his "batting brilliantined," as Neville Cardus once put it, clicking on the runs and adding to his long and illustrious line of centuries for England. No; England needs such men as Sutcliffe. He has that very vital thing, big match temperament. The tense moment, the drama and the smoke and the fury of international cricket are the stuff on which Sutcliffe's art feeds. He is, indeed, a hundred per cent. better player in Tests than in the week-by-week round of county cricket.

Sutcliffe must definitely stay. But what of R. E. S. Wyatt? A difficult problem, this. Personally, I believe that Wyatt is worth his place in an England side for his resolute batsmanship; but with the cares of England captaincy on his shoulders he seems to suffer all round. Yet who is there ready to take over the job? Well, straightway I think of R. W. V. Robins, whose imaginative and inspiring leadership has made Middlesex a pretty formidable side this season. Robins handled his bowlers well against the South Africans in that thrilling game at Lord's which brought out the best cricket this season. Middlesex did not win, mark you, but that was not the fault of Robins.

After Robins comes E. R. T. Holmes, a likeable, personable fellow, who is having a successful time as Surrey's skipper. I liked the way Holmes outlined his season's policy: he said he intended to "go" for the bowling and have a gamble on victory at every possible time. Well, he's living up to his word, for we have seen him flashing sixes wherever and whenever possible.

Meanwhile, there is a "dark horse" somewhere. He is G. O. Allen, Australian-born all-rounder with Middlesex. "Gubby" Allen has not appeared on the first-class scene prominently as yet this season, but I have a shrewd idea that there are people in high quarters who would like to see him lead England both this season and against the Australians.

So there we are. Meanwhile, I expect that Wyatt will be given the captaincy at Trent Bridge. And I make the bold venture that he will be watched very closely—in short, he will probably be on trial.

(Continued on page 456)

"Up to mischief"

But still they can't go far wrong. Their cooking should be a grand success for they are certainly using the finest ingredients. The kiddies love the way Cerebos pours; and it will go on pouring no matter how damp the atmosphere. It never cakes and none is ever wasted. Careful housewives have proved that it is a wise economy to pay the little more for Cerebos.

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Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 454)*

Oxford at Cricket

Anthony Benn, of Harrow and Christchurch, who has just been given his Blue and will be Oxford's opening batsman against Cambridge. With him (right) is A. M. Lee, of Winchester and Brasenose, who captained the School side in 1932

AND now to another sort of test—the greatest race of the century. By that I mean the greatest mile race on the running-track. As I said last week, Jack Lovelock, the long-striding New Zealand athlete, will be meeting "Bill" Bonthron and Glen Cunningham at Palmer Stadium, Princeton, early in June. A couple of years ago, Lovelock beat Bonthron in a great race at Princeton, to set up fresh figures for the mile record. Since then Cunningham has come along to clip nearly a second off Lovelock's time. What lies ahead? Well, a prominent athletic official (a world's record-holder in his time) tells me that there is every possibility of yet another world's record, for Lovelock is in such brilliant form just now that he looks good for anything.

Staggering as it may seem, there is a chance that the mile will be done in even time—that is, four minutes dead! Had you put forward this suggestion a dozen or so years ago, you would have been greeted with a smile of incredulity by the experts. But not now. Truth is, athletic training has reached such a pitch of perfection these days that times undreamed of by old-time runners are now being "clocked" year by year.

Where Will That One Go?

A good action lawn-tennis tournament. Miss N. Browne playing in the open singles at Chiswick Park. It looks as though she were about to smash a somewhat short lob

Bassano

Viscount Cobham

President of the Worcestershire County Cricket Club, who was recently nominated as the new president of the M.C.C. As one of the famous Lytteltons, and himself an old county cricketer, the choice is obviously a good one

HOWEVER, to get back to the personalities of the great race which will be run before 80,000 people at the Palmer Stadium.

They are great fellows, these two Americans. Both of them have hearty contempt for cars; indeed, Bonthron so heartily dislikes riding that he will walk considerable distances rather than take a bus! He says that walking keeps him fit—a hint, this, for those of us who view with horror the disappearance of our feet below the horizon of our waistlines!

KEEPING up the international tone of my column this week, I must refer to Jack Petersen's next fight. The British champion is pretty certain to have another crack at the German, Walter Neusel. Petersen is desperately eager to prove that he can reverse the decision of his last fight at Wembley against the German. After this long lay-off from boxing, however, I am wondering just how Petersen will shape. His eye injury is now quite healed, I am told, while the bone-setters have worked wonders on his troublesome hand. But has Petersen put on weight? That's the question. If the Welshman could only fill out a little I would back him to go a very long way in the fight game, but somehow I have the suspicion that he is light-framed and will never "build up" to the poundage necessary for a "crack" at the big men in the heavy-weight class.

Meanwhile, I hear that Johnny King, once more king of the bantams in Britain, is eager for a crack at the Panama wonder, Al Brown. It would, of course, be a world's title fight, and the probability is that Manchester would stage the bout. This would be a big test for King. While Brown is not so young as he was, he is still a force in the fight game. What a clever fighter he is, to be sure. So calm, so sure of himself and of his opponent . . . there have been few boxers so consistently brilliant as the dusky Al Brown.

How Came She Here?

Mrs. F. S. Haydon holing out of the "Village Pump" enclosure during the Gethin Cup competition at the Monmouthshire Golf Club at Abergavenny

FINALLY, I would wish to do a bit of quiet poaching on the preserves of my estimable golf-writing colleagues. And Lawson Little, the "pocket Hercules" is my "game." The American came through all right in the Amateur Championship, but how will he fare in the Open at Muirfield? I put this question to one of our foremost golfers and he advanced the opinion that Little would be rather out of things. It seems that the American is a brilliant match-player, but that he is not in it to any great extent with the card and pencil. It is, of course, all a question of temperament: there are some men who are inspired by a hand-to-hand duel, as it were, with an opponent, but who miss the atmosphere of battle when it comes to the card-and-pencil side of the game. Little is, I believe, one of these. . . . But how far I am right we shall see very soon now.

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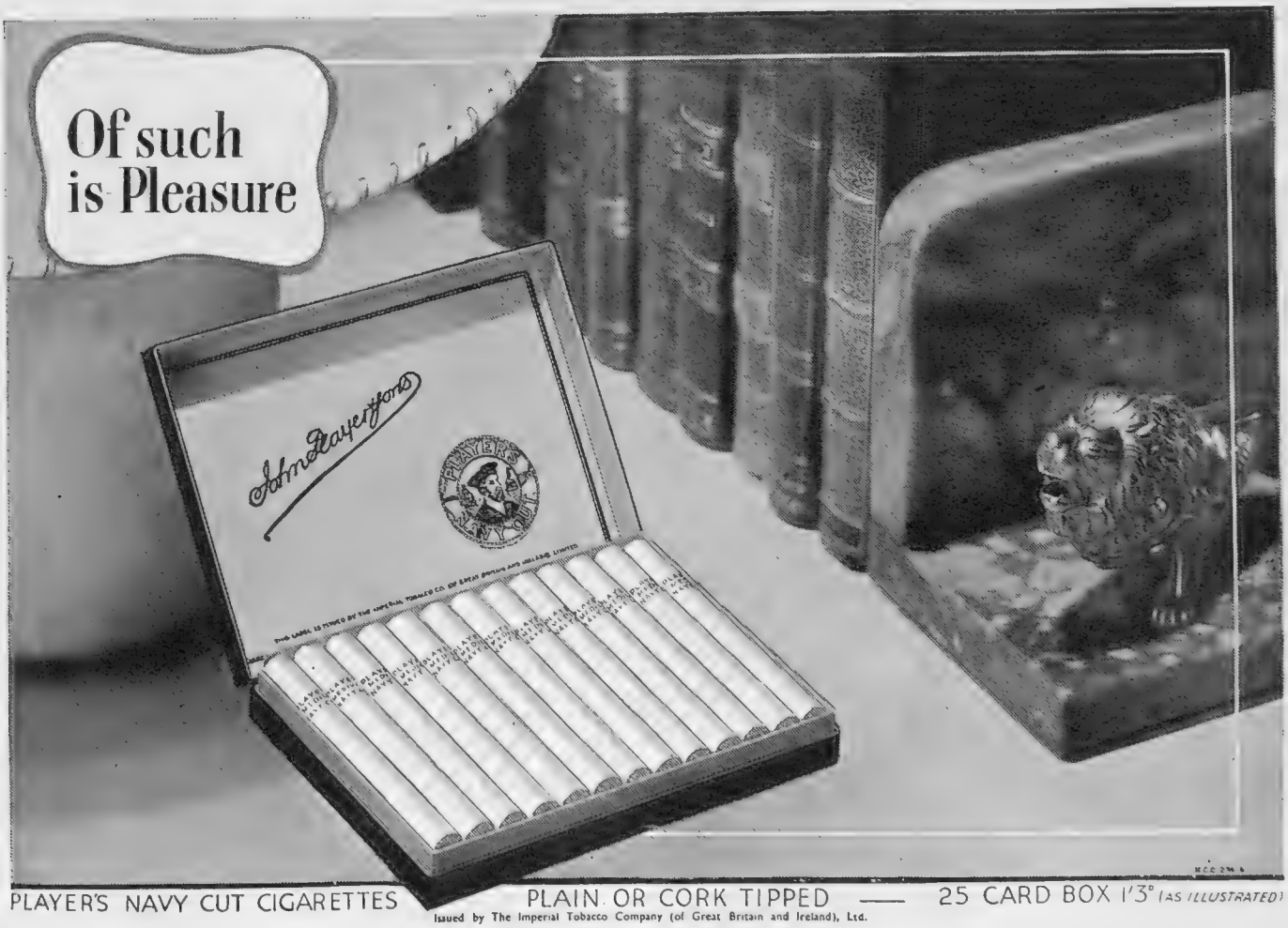

Mlle. Francine Tollon (St. Cloud), who beat Miss Grace Amory (U.S.A.) in the Ladies' Championship at Newcastle, Co. Down

Women's Golf:

Internationals and Qualifying

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Elaine Young (Chigwell), seen on the left, who was beaten by Miss Phyllis Wade (Parkstone), also seen above, by 4 and 3

Mrs. T. Henshaw (left), of Foxrock, seen with Miss Ellis, of Royal Co. Down, whom she beat in the first round at the twenty-first hole

Dear Bystander,

Here I am at Newcastle, certainly the most beautiful place we ever visit for a championship, as well as, possibly, the finest test of golf. In addition, it is one of the most hospitable. The cream cakes and the scones and the sandwiches at the teas to which the men's club entertain everybody every day must be eaten to be believed; so must the beauty of drives through the Mourne Mountains be seen. Competitors who have never been here before have had their breath taken away.

So has everybody over two other things—the amazing lack of all realisation of what is due to an Open Champion in playing Mrs. Andrew Holm second, not top, for Scotland; and the strange order of the English team. There are ugly things being said about personal feelings having been allowed sway over that order; if they are true, it is the worst thing that could happen, a slur that will be hard indeed to live down. One can only wish that there were any other explanation to be found.

For the minute, let it pass, for there is so much else of superlative interest, such as Scotland winning the Internationals again, and Ireland beating England; both events that spell great good news for the world of golf everywhere, not only in those two countries. Scotland must feel at home, somehow, over here; they won at Newcastle in 1927, Portmarnock in 1931, and never looked like doing anything else here this time. Having beaten Ireland 6 to 3, they did the same to England, and yet again the same to Wales. England and Ireland both beat Wales, and Ireland beat England on the last morning—and, if they did dance a jig then and there, as Miss Blake's stymie of Miss Plumpton at the 19th gave them the winning point who shall blame them? Were you to achieve a thing after twenty-four years of trying, would you not also dance a jig?

One of the things, as a matter of fact, which is impressing me not a little, is the way Irish golf has come on since last we were over here. I have a notion that a tremendous lot is due to the team matches which have been started by the generosity of Miss Sherlock's father and the wisdom of Mrs. Cuthell. If anybody in Ireland—in all the British Isles, for that matter—knows more about golf, from the practical, championship-winning point of view, than she who won so many as Rhona Adair, I should be pleased to meet her; to listen to her comments (for she is here watching) on the youngsters is an education in sane penetration. Anyway, instead of long hitting and nothing else, the Irish players now give one a much more solid impression of more thought, more resolution about the short game, less inclination to think that a bad shot must mean a lost hole, and a lost hole a lost match. If they can add grit to brilliance (as they seem to be doing) as in the old palmy Irish days, when it was merely a question whether Rhona Adair or one of the Hezlets should win the Open, then golf will be even more exciting for everyone than it is now. Miss Pat Sherlock, their Champion, in particular, may be proud of being the only player to beat Miss Phyllis Wade, who, at the moment, is fancied to go far in the Championship.

As for Scotland, they are a fine team, and though some said the fates should pay them out for their treatment of Mrs. Holm, she herself never said a word like it. She is not one ever to make excuses, and Miss Jestyn Jeffreys' putting against her was perfection. Miss Nan Baird, thus forced up into first place against her wish, acquitted herself right nobly, for though she lost to Miss Wade, she beat Miss Rieben and Miss Sherlock. Some of the best golf of those two days was between the two Mrs. J. B.'s, Mrs. Watson getting home 2 and 1 from Mrs. Walker, but having to take those seventeen holes in 70 to do it. There was no weak spot anywhere in the Scottish team.

After Internationals, qualifying. Truly this is a long, stern chase, of a fortnight. First day, triumph for Miss Diana Fishwick, 75, with the game looking simplicity itself, and nobody nearer than five strokes to it, that being from Mrs. M. L. Clarke. Next day, with everyone realising that there was no need to do a couple of rounds in the 70's to be sure of a place, things improved, although there was a trifle more wind, and the greens were getting faster. A 78 from Mrs. Clarke—and with Miss Fishwick indulging in that uncomfortable evolution known as blowing-up, there was little doubt that the Fishwick Bowl would be Mrs. Clarke's, 158 being a good enough total to head the list at this championship of bad scoring. Miss Baird and Miss Elsie Corlett, each with 77, tied for second place, with 160; Lady Eddis redeemed herself with a 79, but, late in the day, Miss Ellis gave Ireland another fillip by heading the day's returns with 76. There is plenty of golf, of course, in her family, and she heartily deserved her place for an unblemished card.

Don't think that when the golf is over we have finished with the day. You don't know what Irish hospitality means. Saturday night, the L.G.U. gave a dinner to the overseas players, but that was only a prelude to a great dance given by the Royal County Down men's club to the competitors. The eightsome danced by the Scottish team was a sight for the gods, and the rest of the Scotties and an Irish and English thrown in did not do so badly in a rival one. And the night's dance seemed hardly over before everybody was away off for a glorious drive in the car of some member or other, all through the Mourne Mountains, and back to such a tea as only this club can give.

Really, who can give their minds to problems of selection committees and so forth, when life is made so entirely pleasant?

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

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Air Travel Becomes Cheaper

By Charles Ward

Mrs. Esmonde Gratton Thompson and Anne Jessamy, wife and daughter of Captain E. G. Thompson, recently appointed Managing Director of Parnall Aircraft. Captain Thompson, who has taken a house in the West Country, is a scratch golfer and well known in the racing world. He should be an acquisition to a sporting district

Air, Rail, and Sea

As part of their service to the travelling public, the railway companies offer tickets by air that can be used also for rail journeys, and from the beginning of this month the principal British and Dutch steamship lines operating to the east of Suez are offering similar facilities by ocean liner. The services to the Channel Islands are proving more popular than ever, and the new line to Guernsey run under the management of Sir Alan Cobham is booked to capacity for some weeks ahead. Hillmans have three services a day to Brussels, using the Dragon Rapide, which type also carries the mails from London to Liverpool, Belfast and Glasgow. The old original Dragons are used between London and Ostend, and from Hull to Belfast. During this month three of the four-engined Diana class liners will be put on to the London-Paris route. Hillmans' fares between London and Paris and from Belfast to Ostend are considerably cheaper than first-class boat and train. On Saturday last Air France commenced a new service between London and Rome. 'Planes leave Croydon at 10.30 a.m., arriving in the Italian capital at 7.15 p.m. North-Eastern Airways, of which Lord Grimthorpe is chairman, has connected London with Edinburgh. The "Flying Scotsman" is real, in fact—air-liners cruising at 150 miles an hour connect the two capitals, with stops at Newcastle and Leeds en route. The morning 'plane arrives at Heston at 12.20, and by means of a connection to Croydon, Paris can be reached by 3 o'clock in the afternoon. There is also a connection at Heston for the Channel Islands.

Any Moths for Sale?

THE price of Gipsy Moths, and of Cirrus Moths, for that matter, is likely to rise during the next two or three years, for de Havillands have discontinued their manufacture. Brian Lewis has sold the last new open two-seater, and in future will offer the Hornet Moth, a two-seater cabin job, to customers wanting a cheap and reliable tourer. Some four thousand of the original Moths have been built since Captain de Havilland designed and flew the first one at Stag Lane more than ten years ago. It was the first practical light aeroplane, and is known and flown in every country in the world. The open Tiger Moth is still being built for Service training and advanced instruction in flying schools. To descend the scale for a moment, the "Heston Pou" is not awaiting an engine from France, as I stated a fortnight ago. Instead, one of Sir John Carden's 30-h.p. four-cylinder types is being used, and is actually undergoing tests at Heston at the present time. "Lighter than Moth" flying will take us back to the early days when people taught themselves, first of all by taxi-ing, then by short straights, and finally, greatly daring, by a complete circuit inside the aerodrome boundary. Incidentally, the Baynes glider, using a retractable engine and air-screw, is a success—hilly country is no longer necessary for soaring flight.

Where is he now?

He could not or would not, keep pace with altering conditions, and was overtaken by more intelligent and adaptable contemporaries. The Pterodactyl is extinct. It is the law of the Survival of the Fittest. Shell, unlike that stubborn fowl, has adopted every possible means of improving its quality, in a determination to keep "one jump ahead" of its rivals. That is why Shell has kept its name unchanged and its reputation unequalled, and has been the "natural selection" of motorists since the earliest days.

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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

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Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

Cars with a Personality

The New "Light Six" Vauxhall

By

The Earl of Cardigan

Below: a great feature of the car is its independent front-wheel springing. In this photograph, one front wheel is shown considerably lifted, whereas it will be seen that the car as a whole is tilted only at a very slight angle

The "Light Six" Vauxhall, although of moderate horse-power (£10 10s. tax), is a car of very comfortable size and of striking appearance. It has an unusually low centre of gravity, which makes for stability

THE 14-h.p. "Light Six" Vauxhall is a car which has now been an established favourite with motorists for some considerable time. In its latest form, however, it has several features which are not only new but also of very definite interest and value. Most striking of these is the independent front-wheel suspension system. Here is no mere novelty; but a development which, on really rough roads, makes the car ride better and more luxuriously than it ever could have done before.

We all know how, with a normal front axle, any ridge or pot-hole which is struck by one front wheel jars and displaces the whole front end of the car. Now, with the independent springing, one front wheel can be jarred or bounced without transmitting the shock, except very remotely, to the car as a whole. This may be proved by deliberately taking one front wheel over a high kerb or similar obstruction.

(*Continued on page* viii)

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

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Cars with a Personality

(Continued from page vi)

THE new Vauxhall may thus claim to have springing which is, in a literal sense, exceptional. Another development is the remarkably low floor-level of the new coachwork. This has two good effects: making the car very easy to get in and out of, and also enabling the roof to be kept very low — only about 5 ft. 3 in. above the ground — without curtailing the desirable amount of head-room.

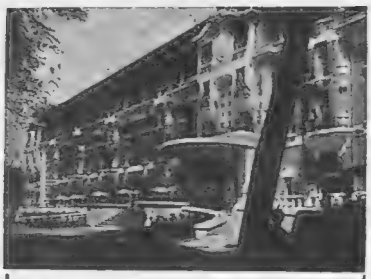
The performance is extremely good, 50 m.p.h. being the maximum in third, and close on 70 m.p.h. in top gear. Acceleration is very rapid, and the overhead-valve engine runs at all speeds with remarkable smoothness and silence. Gear-changing is rarely required, such is the degree of flexibility; but, in any event, gear-changing problems hardly exist, third and top gears being synchro-mesh, while second, although unassisted, is also quite an easy ratio.

The coachwork is really comfortable, and gives plenty of space. Note the pivoting quarter-light, which forms part of the "no-draught" ventilation system

The hinged rear panel performs several useful functions. It provides a platform for luggage, and, when closed, houses both the spare wheel and the tool-kit

THE steering is exceptionally light, partly, no doubt, as a result of being geared very low. This means, of course, that one has to make more rotations of the steering-wheel in order to get round a right-angled corner, which some people may consider a disadvantage, even though each rotation calls for proportionately less effort. Lightness in operation is also a feature of the brakes; the latter are excellent, developing great power smoothly and progressively.

Genuine comfort is a feature of the coachwork. There is ample seating space, and first-rate ventilation is provided by the special "no-draught" system of windows. The windscreen, on the other hand, is not made to open. The price of the "de luxe" saloon model is £225—a figure at which this Vauxhall, with its advanced design, represents more than ordinarily good value for money.



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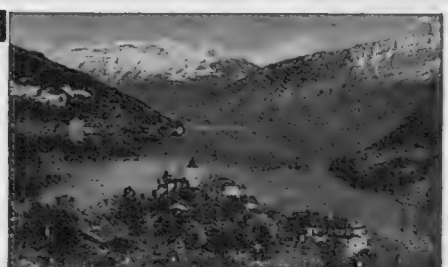

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The Editor's Box

A Dancing Competition at Bad Nauheim

On June 8th, the Society Dancing Competition, England v. Germany, will take place in Bad Nauheim. England will be represented by her five best professional couples, who will stand up against the five best ones of Germany. Such a competition between England and Germany is the first of its kind. Everybody is looking forward to this tournament with the greatest interest, as England's and Germany's couples are considered to be the best all over the world. The winners doubtless may be regarded as the unofficial champions of the world.

A New Golf Ball

Messrs. A. G. Spalding and Bros., Ltd., are selling an entirely new golf ball under the title of "Needled Top-Flite." It has been proved by test that these new balls showed seven to ten yards greater distance on every shot compared with other golf balls—not merely for a time, but throughout a long life. It was after experiments were made with a hypodermic needle and an additional quantity of liquid was injected, after the ball was made, into the famous liquid core, that this length of flight was found to be increased.

Go North by Sea

An interesting illustrated booklet has been issued by the Dundee, Perth, and London Shipping Company, Ltd., which has been engaged in the passenger trade between London and Dundee since 1826. The Dundee steamers are comfortable boats, the Perth having a tonnage of 2208 tons gross, and the London 1491 tons gross. These ships keep a regular service between England and Scotland, and the journey by sea can be very pleasant and restful. In addition to transporting passengers to Dundee itself the Company have arranged many tours in Scotland, varying in length of time and locality, which are charged for at a most moderate and inclusive rate. The Company's address is East Dock Street, Dundee.

A Mayfair Garden

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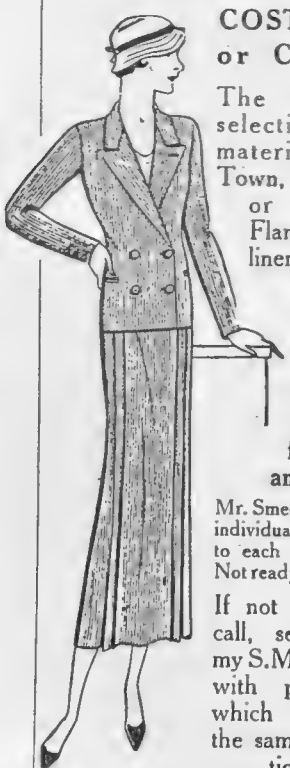

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Montreux.—Montreux Palace Htl.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis. Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Betty Naylor

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Naylor, of the Knowle, Harrogate, Yorks, and is engaged to Jenkin Coles, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coles, of Adelaide, South Australia

Pearl Freeman

Phyllis Duckworth

Is engaged to Godfrey Morley, only son of Arthur Morley, K.C., Recorder of Sheffield, and Mrs. Morley, of Oakwood Court, W.14; her parents are Sir Edward and Lady Duckworth, of Wilford Rise, Woodbridge, Suffolk

Lenare

Evelyn Connor

Is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Connor, of Uplands, Hythe, Kent, and is to marry Hugh Fisher, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Rowland Fisher, of Waterside, Bourne End, Bucks, and grandson of the late Sir Henry Trueman Wood

Pearl Freeman

Diana Bonham-Carter

Is the only daughter of the late Captain Guy Bonham-Carter, and Mrs. Bonham-Carter, of Overbury Court, Alton, Hants, and is engaged to Lieut. E. O. Daniel, R.N., son of Captain and Mrs. Martin Daniel, of Denmark House, Henley-on-Thames

Lenare

Mary Cruso

Mary Thalassia Alford Cruso is Mr. and Mrs. H. A. A. Cruso's only daughter, of Langley House, Pirbright, Surrey; her fiancé is Hugh O'Neill Hencken, only son of A. C. Hencken, of Greenwich, Connecticut, U.S.A.

Navana

Elizabeth Lois Chase

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Chase, of Red Roofs, Broxbourne, Herts; she has announced her engagement to Leonard Clow, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Clow, of the Gables, Broxbourne

Lenare

Ursula Devitt

Is the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howson F. Devitt, of Longspring Wood, Sevenoaks, Kent, and is engaged to Michael Alastair Spencer-Nairn, second son of Major Sir Robert and Lady Spencer-Nairn, of Leslie House, Fife

Hay Wrightson

Helen Stronach

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stronach, and is engaged to Geoffrey Fawcus, R.E., only son of Lieut.-General Sir Harold Fawcus, Director-General of the British Red Cross Society, and Lady Fawcus, of 107, Warwick Road, S.W.5

Hay Wrightson

Margaret Tilley

Is the younger daughter of the Hon. Leonard Tilley, Premier of New Brunswick, and Mrs. Tilley, of Carleton House, St. John, New Brunswick, and is engaged to Francis R. L. Mears, King's Own Royal Regiment, son of the late Captain Frank Peel Mears

Hay Wrightson

Annabel Harrington Mann

Is the third daughter of Harrington Mann, of 24, Eaton Square, and Mrs. D. S. Mann, of 5, Bennet Street, S.W.1, and is to marry Michael Hagen, son of Major Henry Hagen, M.D., of 20, Bolton Street, W.1

Kay Vaughan

Mary Thompson

Mary Cecilia Marlay Thompson, only daughter of the late John V. Thompson, and Mrs. Thompson, of 36, Redcliffe Square, S.W.10, is to marry Harold C. Rattle, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rattle, of the Raydons, Rickmansworth

Oliver—Skinner

Guy E. F. Oliver, the Buffs, son of S. R. Oliver, of Ferndown, Hants, and Winifred Skinner, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Skinner, of 2, Chartfield Avenue, Putney, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Imbert—Hue Williams

Henri L. A. Imbert, son of M. and Mme. Pierre Imbert, of Toulon, and Hermione Hue Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hue Williams, of Ashton, Chislehurst, Kent, were married at the Brompton Oratory

Chilcott—Leonard

J. W. H. Chilcott, son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Ronald Chilcott, of Landfall, St. Edward's Road, Southsea, and Joan Leonard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, of Woodlea, Baguley, Cheshire, were married at St. John's, Baguley

Bertram Park

Joan Whitelaw

Is the younger daughter of David Whitelaw, the novelist, and Mrs. Whitelaw, of Pennings, Roedean, Sussex, and is engaged to Basil Hordern, youngest son of the late Anthony S. Hordern, of Australia

Pearl Freeman

Lilah Hare

Is the youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Percy Hare, of Mentone, France, and is engaged to George Seton Wills, younger son of Sir Ernest and Lady Wills, of Littlecote, Hungerford, Wilts

Fayer

Naomi Bromley

Announced her engagement recently to Dr. R. A. P. Hogbin; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Bromley, of 36, Queen Anne Street, W.1

Bassano

Joan Eldridge

Is engaged to Henry Weston Wells, son of the late Sir William Wells, and Lady Wells, of Ashleigh, Wimbledon; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. D. Eldridge, of St. John's Wood

Baring—Husband

Amyas E. Giles Baring, the Hampshire cricketer, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Guy Baring, and Mrs. Mona Husband, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel W. B. Mullins, of Ambersham House, Midhurst, Sussex, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Powell—Brooke

George Wilson Powell, of Cottingham, East Yorks, and Anna Brooke, of the Rookery, Dorking, Surrey, were married at Westcott Parish Church, near Dorking

Houchen—Ellett

Mr. Houchen, who is the Air Line Superintendent at Heston, and Miss Ellett, of Auckland, New Zealand, leaving St. Michael's, Chester Square, after their wedding

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE AUNT OF ENGLAND.—Victorian sentiment given flavour by Haidée Wright's performance as the autocratic old Duchess who treats her family as children and chattels: Piccadilly, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUBLIN GATE THEATRE COMPANY.—Their London season includes *Yahoo, The Old Lady Says "No!"*, and *Hamlet* (June 17th): Westminster, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

DUET IN FLOODLIGHT.—Madeleine Carroll and Anthony Ireland star in J. B. Priestley's latest: Apollo, 8.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—This comedy of family quarrels, with Lilian Braithwaite as a grandmother and Athene Seyler as a foolish aunt, is again to be seen: Ambassadors, from June 10th.

A FAMILY MAN.—Third play of the Galsworthy festival, with Wilfred Lawson, Ivy Tresmand, Ann Codrington, and Patricia Hilliard: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

GOLDEN ARROW.—Laurence Olivier, Cecil Parker, Helen Haye are in this new satirical comedy: Whitehall, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

HERVEY HOUSE.—Nicholas Hannen as a ducal statesman, Fay Compton as his wife, and Gertrude Lawrence his mistress; the cast and the setting make it worth while: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MASK OF VIRTUE.—Polished tricks and trifling in Ashley Duke's eighteenth-century manner, with Frank Cellier and Jeanne de Casalis as aristocratic intriguers, Vivien Leigh as the attractive dupe: St. James's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE OLD LADIES.—Last week of this fine piece of acting by Edith Evans, Jean Cadell, Mary Jerrold: St. Martin's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30

ROULETTE.—A patchy story in a Monte Carlo setting; the dialogue is versatile, and Hella Kurty as a gambler's bride, Margaret Rawlings as a cocotte, and Austin Trevor as a waiter, miss no opportunities: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play may be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—A mixture of comedy and a little tragedy, with beautiful acting by Eugénie Leontovich, and Cedric Hardwicke, Evelyn Roberts, and Allan Aynesworth all in excellent form: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah; the story is as human as historical: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

CHARLOT'S CHAR-A-BANG!—The sketches are neat and amusing, the music is pleasant, the stars are Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, and Iris March—it 's a good revue: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

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DANCING CITY.—A musical play with a Viennese setting; Lea Seidl as Maria Teresa, who banned the waltz, Derek Oldham as the Archduke: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.—A fascinating circus spectacle of décor and production, with amusing moments contributed by Jack Buchanan, Ivy St. Helier, and Fred Emney: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DECEIVERS.—A musical nonsense; Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Musical comedy on a large scale, with Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello as stars; a pleasant evening for the Ruritanian-minded: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Cambridge, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Arthur Riscoe's sombre fooling is irresistible; Irene Palasty has taken Frances Day's part; it 's a lively, amusing show: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 60.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

SHALL WE REVERSE?—Excursions backward through the centuries make a gay musical-comedy plot, with amusing lyrics; Sydney Fairbrother and Robert Hale, Edward Cooper and June are the excursionees: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—Good for those who like thrillers and "the creeps"; Henry Kendall, Nancy O'Neill, Reginald Tate are some of the cast: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STOP PRESS.—Maurice Chevalier is now in this most see-able revue; Dorothy Dickson, Phyllis Monckman, the lighting, décor and dancing are as good as ever: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The amusing burlesque of schoolbook history has Naunton Wayne as compère, Clarice Hardwicke, Charles Heslop, Scott Sunderland as kings and queens, Hugh E. Wright as the Common Man: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—A comedy of flirtations, with Ronald Squire, king of philanderers, Nora Swinburne, Marda Vanne: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

CHASE THE ACE.—An Anthony Kimmins comedy, played by Marie Löhr, Winifred Shotter, Edward Chapman, George Relph: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MIRACLE MAN.—A simple story of crooks turning virtuous, with Seymour Hicks, Margaretta Scott, and Ellaline Terriss to give pleasant substance to the tale: Victoria Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—A different sort of murder play by Emlyn Williams, who plays lead, with Angela Baddeley, Dame May Whitty, Basil Radford: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

GRIEF GOES OVER.—The new Merton Hodge play, with Syhil Thorndike in the lead; Auriol Lee produces: Globe, June 6th.

TANTIVY TOWERS.—A revival of the A. P. Herbert operetta, with Maggie Teyte and Steuart Wilson: Lyric, Hammersmith, June 6th.

RUTH DRAPER.—Her three weeks' season begins: Haymarket, June 10th.

CINEMAS

BORDERTOWN.—Paul Muni appears in a Mexican gaming-hell setting, with Bette Davis as the girl of the story: Regal.

THE CASE OF GABRIEL PERRY.—A murder-story, with Henry Oscar, Olga Lindo, Franklyn Dyall: Capitol.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Ronald Colman as Clive; Loretta Young as his wife, in this history-into-play-into-film: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LA DAME AU CAMÉLIAS.—A fine French film of the Dumas story, with Yvonne Printemps as Marguerite Gautier, Pierre Fresnay as Armand Duval: Academy.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elizabeth Bergner as fascinating as ever as Gemma Jones, with Hugh Sinclair as the caddish Sanger hero: London Pavilion.

GOING TO TOWN.—The new Mae West display, with Paul Cavanagh and Ivan Lebedeff as the boys: Carlton.

R.A.F.—Doing for the Air Force what *Brown on Resolution* did for the Navy; it 's authentic and exciting: Curzon.

RECKLESS.—Jean Harlow in a new film, with William Powell and Franchot Tone: Empire.

ROBERTA.—The Broadway musical success in its screen shape stars Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irene Dunne; it 's full of good tunes and dancing: Tivoli.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney, in the film of Edgar Wallace's West African story, finely produced and photographed: Leicester Square Theatre.

THE SCOUNDREL.—It 's worth seeing; Noel Coward and Julie Haydon, both new stars for the screen; acting, dialogue, direction, are all excellent: Plaza.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS.—John Buchan's famous story directed for the screen by Alfred Hitchcock; with Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll as stars: New Gallery, from June 6th.

PAGEANTRY, SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

JAGGER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.—Jagger's sculpture of war and peace subjects: 5a, Pall Mall East, 10-10. Sundays, 10-6. Floodlit, 8-10 p.m.

RUSSIAN ART.—Pictures, jewels, ikons, porcelain, ballet costumes, all of Imperial Russia: 1, Belgrave Square.

IRIS SHOW.—Horticultural Hall, June 6th-7th.

LONDON CART HORSE PARADE: Regent's Park, June 10th.

TOWER OF LONDON PAGEANT AND TATTOO.—In aid of Tower Hill Improvement Fund: to June 8th.

ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: Burlington House.

PAGEANT OF ENGLAND: Langley Park, Slough.

(Continued on page F)

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

OPERA AND BALLET

AT COVENT GARDEN:

SCHWANDA.—Robert Heger conducts: to-night, 8.30.

LA BOHÈME.—Grace Moore's first appearance here; Bellezza conducts: June 6th and 8th, at 8.

CARMEN.—With Supervia; Beecham conducts: June 7th and 10th, at 8.

GLYNDEBOURNE MOZART FESTIVAL:

COSI FAN TUTTE: to-night, and June 7th, 7.

FIGARO: June 6th, 5.15; and 10th, 4.30.

DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE: June 8th, 5.15; and 11th, 7.

VIC-WELLS BALLET.—Their first West-End season, of one week, with Markova and Anton Dolin, includes "The Rake's Progress," "Le Lac des Cygnes" and "Giselle": Shaftesbury.

SHAWN—and his Men Dancers give their last matinée: His Majesty's, June 6th, at 3.

MUSIC

Orchestral

LONDON MUSIC FESTIVAL. — Toscanini's second concert with the B.B.C. Orchestra includes Brahms' Fourth Symphony, and the rest is Wagner: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.30. (Last two concerts, June 12th and 14th.)

'HIAWATHA."—The Royal Choral Society's production, conducted by Malcolm Sargent: Albert Hall, 8. Sat., 2.30, from June 10th to 22nd.

Recital

STANLEY BROWNE.—Violin recital: Grotrian Hall, June 6th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Starr and Browning, coloured singers, entertain, and Gerhardi's band plays in the restaurant; dancing in the grill in any dress: extension, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Hyson and Roberts' Most Beautiful Girls; Colombo's dance band: dress as you will: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, where day or evening clothes go well; cabaret at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Sheila Barrett, an "impressionist" from Broadway, appears at midnight; dancing to Jack Harris; day clothes on the balcony; extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dancing every night to Howard Jacobs' band; an amusing cabaret at midnight: extension, Tuesday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE. — "Les Girls" from Monte Carlo sing and dance and look nice, and there are other turns to amuse; Sydney Lipton's band plays: extension Thursday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Excellent food, especially fish, and good wines; lunch, dinner, supper; no music.

RITZ.—A café chantant evening; Jane Armstrong sings, "Charlie" compères, the Marino Norris Trio appear: extension, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Here is Bohemia as it ever was; evening or day clothes; Lou Preager's band plays, and there 's a cabaret at midnight.

SAN MARCO.—Maurice Winnick's band plays; there 's no cabaret; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

In the Ballrooms

THE HORSESHOE BALL.—In aid of the International League against the Export of Horses for Butchery: Dorchester, June 6th.

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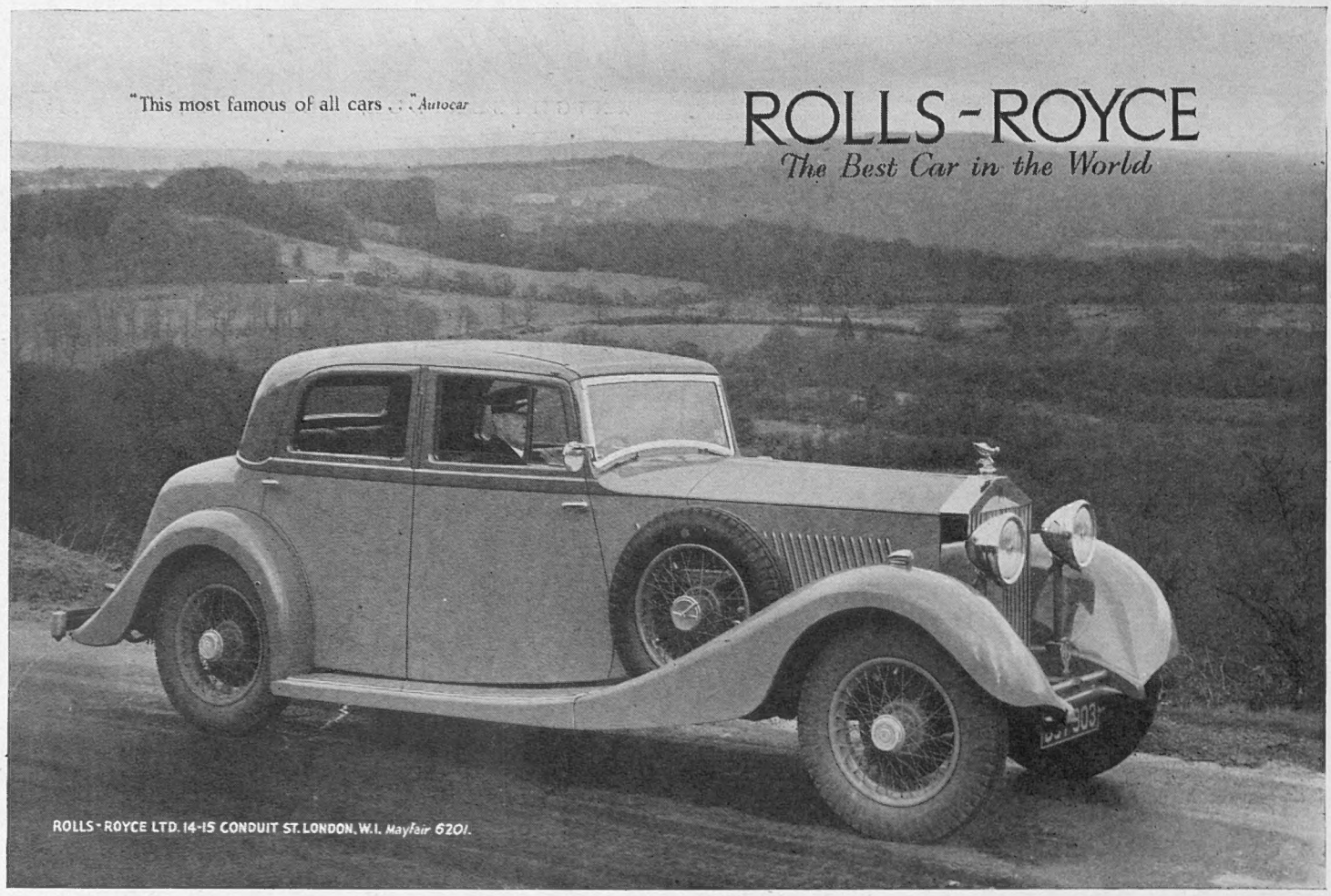
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